THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CX.—No. 1430

MAY 13, 1931

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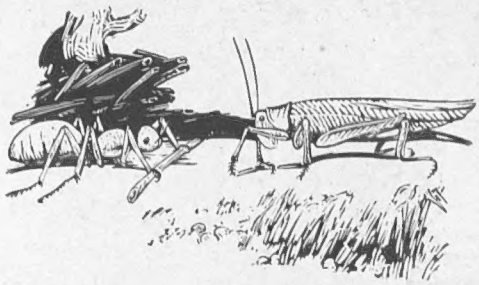

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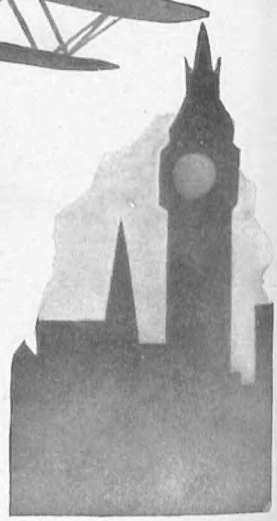

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The Bystander, May 13, 1931

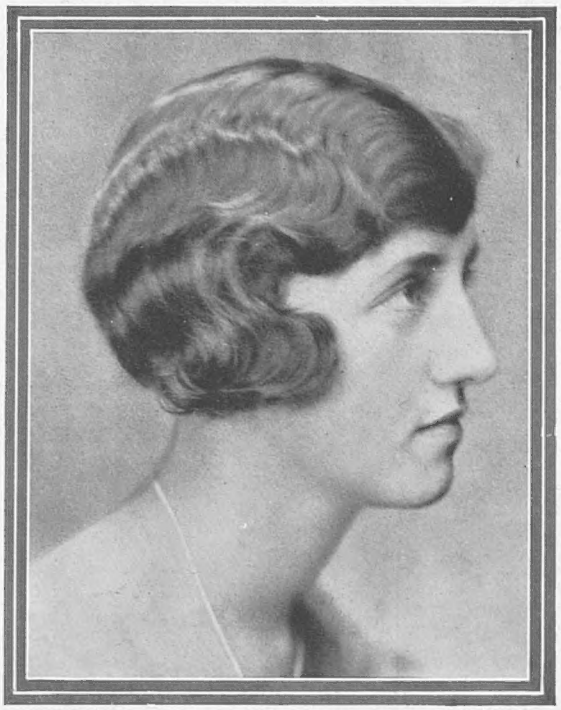
the BYSTANDER

No. 1430. Vol. CX.

RUS IN URBE

Lady (Hamilton) Grant, who is well known to theatre-goers under her stage name of Margaret Cochran enjoying a quiet cup of tea alfresco. Appearances to the contrary, she is not seen in the grounds of some house in the country, but on the roof-garden of Berkeley Court, the luxurious flats near Baker Street Station, which, with its lawns, walks and flower-beds, provides a quiet green refuge in the heart of a noisy world of steel, bricks and mortar

The "BYSTANDER'S" THIRD List of DEBUTANTES



Janet Jevons

MISS LORRAINE JOHNSON

(*Left*)

Who is among the debutantes to make their curtsey at one of this season's Courts. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson, of Pinkney's Green, Berkshire

MISS GEORGINA PELHAM CLINTON

(*Right*)

Who will be presented at one of the Courts by her mother, Mrs. Pelham Clinton. She is a cousin of the Duke of Newcastle

Pearl Freeman

Pearl Freeman

LADY DIANA WELLESLEY

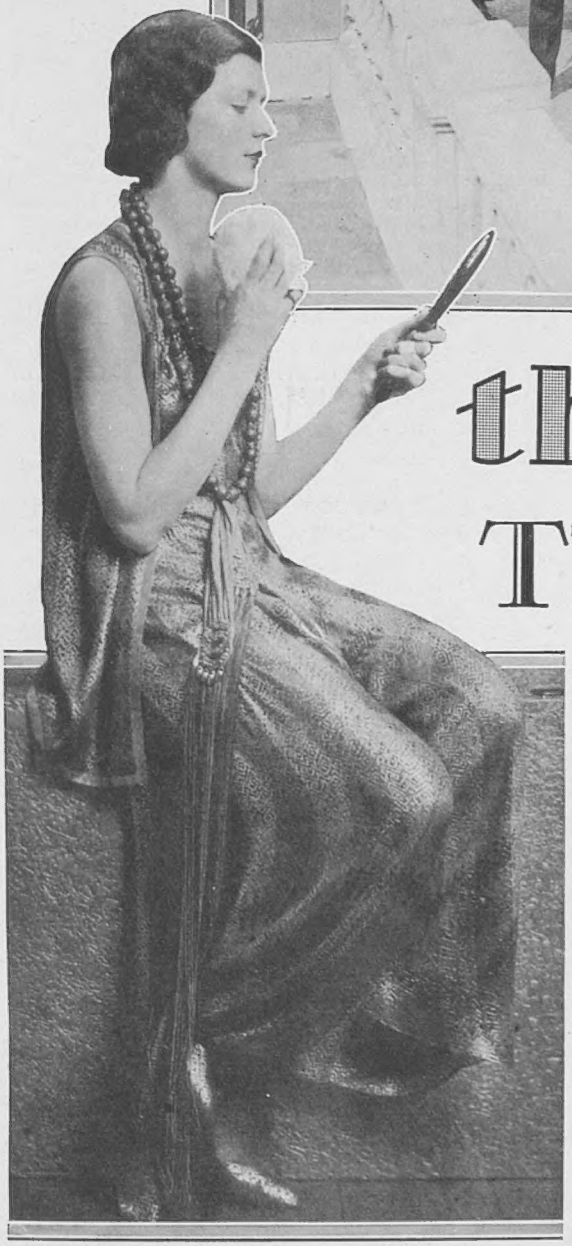
The eldest daughter of Clare Countess Cowley and a great-niece of the Duke of Wellington. She will be presented this season by her cousin, the Marchioness of Douro

Bassano

LADY GRIZEL BOYLE

Who will be presented this year. She is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, her elder brother, Lord Kelburn, being a godson of the Queen

The Duke and Duchess of York arriving at the entrance to the Harrow School War Memorial during their recent visit. After a Dedication Service in the Speech Room, their Royal Highnesses proceeded to the Harrow and Wealdstone Hospital, where the Duchess opened the Stuart Memorial Extension



MISS ROSE BINGHAM

The daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand and the late Mr. David Cecil Bingham, who portrayed a Modern Early Morning in "A Day in the Life of a Debutante" at the recent charity matinee at the Hippodrome, attended by the Duchess of York. It was in aid of the Highway Clubs for boys and girls of the East End

the passing hour

THE two great social events of last week were undoubtedly the Bridge tournament at Londonderry House and the Midnight Film Party, attended by Prince George at the Plaza; but let me first record a number of entertaining incidents, such as the simultaneous presence at the Embassy Club on, as it happened, the anniversary of Luigi's death, of a duke, his duchess, his ex-duchess, another duke, a future duke, and his future duchess. Anyone who was there that night will tell you who they were. If not, it is easy to guess.

ANOTHER gay scene was at the Café de Paris the other night, when Captain Babe Barnato persuaded Captain Babe White to be whirled round by the roller-skating giant, Ayres. Besides being gay, it was rather agitating. For Babe White—who is so strong that he is said to have killed two negroes, who were trying to stab him, by knocking their heads together—weighs nearly twenty stone, and it took several minutes to get him in the right position. Even then, he was head down, and looked as though he would be dropped and break his neck any minute.

REX EVANS is back in London again. I saw him at the first night of *Payment Deferred*, very much thinner than he was before. He seemed greatly impressed by the extreme smartness of the American women. Formerly, he said, they were merely smart about the feet and ankles. Now their fashions are nine months ahead of Paris, and the latest Paris models are displayed for all to see in the front window.

IN a week or two Rex Evans is going to start his cabaret work again in the restaurant of the Piccadilly. With this object in view, he has gone to Berlin to get hold of new lyrics from Rowland Leigh, who is now working for the Ufa Film people. Rex

CHARITY BRIDGE AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE

Evans's return should put the Piccadilly in the forefront of the smart restaurant world. Lolita Beneventa, the Tango dancer, and the fencing match between Bertrand and the champion of Tuscany, have already started to make it fashionable, and one sees many familiar faces there. By the way, Lady Londonderry is a great admirer of Rex Evans, and thinks him the only cabaret artist who can introduce the true Parisian atmosphere.

WHICH brings me back to the Bridge tournament at Londonderry House, where Princess Mary, in long white gloves and a green dress, gave away the prizes to the winners. Among the prizes were a ton of coal, a salmon, two stalls for Daly's, a magnum of champagne, a diamond brooch, boxes of chocolates, and oil paintings. In many instances, of course, the prizes were represented by an envelope containing the name of the prize.

IT was all very amusing, but very crowded, and if the organisers had charged a guinea, instead of half that, for the tickets, they would have done even better. Lady Eustace Percy and Admiral Basil Brooke, who had that day been playing with the Duke of York against the Prince of Wales and Piers Legh at Sunningdale, and had beaten them handsomely, were two of the first people I saw.

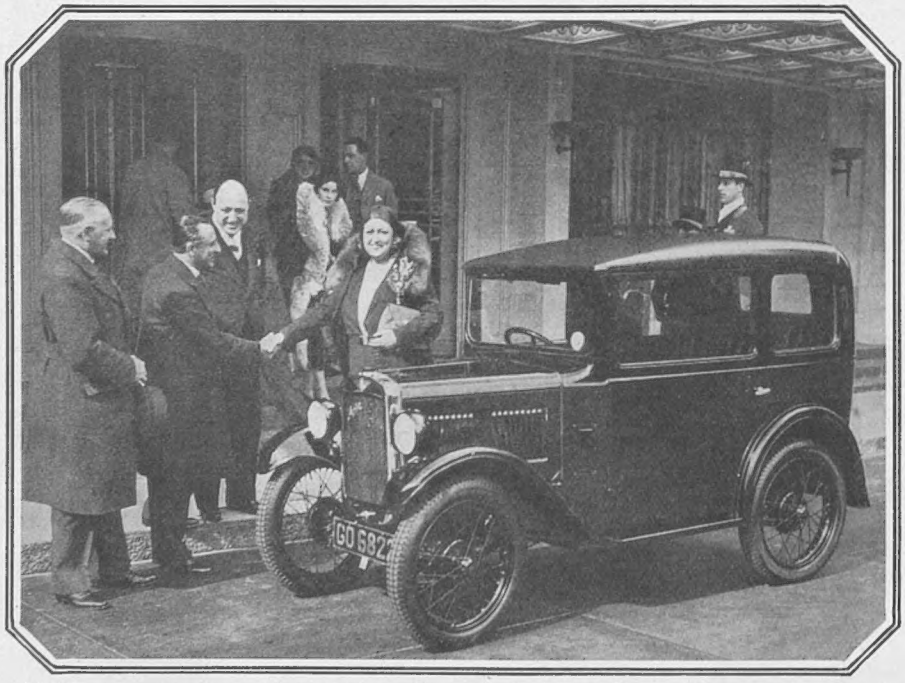
The Duke of Connaught, who recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday, may well be termed the Peter Pan of the Royal Family, so kindly have the years dealt with him. He is seen strolling in Birdcage Walk after his return to London from the Riviera, where he spent the winter

The miniature of Lady Joan Coventry on view in this year's Royal Academy. It is the work of Miss Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, Sculptors and Gravers

THOUGH most of the guests at Londonderry House had evidently been to Court, one or two made very confused little "bobs" to Princess Mary when their turn came for a prize. One or two women, indeed, seemed incapable altogether of a proper curtsey, and just bowed as if they were men. Lord Castlereagh, the son of Lord Londonderry, was much in evidence, though he did not take part in the play. I gather he does not play Bridge at all.

EVEN the experts must have found it rather difficult to play while entrancing young ladies walked to and fro carrying champagne, cocktails, and glasses of whisky, at half a crown a glass. There was a continual buzz of conversation, and the tables were so close together that it was difficult to know whether it was your partner or the man at the next table who had just doubled your bid of three No Trumps.

A SECOND visit to the Royal Academy shows that the Prime Minister is included in Sir John Lavery's usual large quota of pictures. Mr. MacDonald is to be seen leaning on the Treasury despatch box in a formal Front Bench pose with the



Mrs. Devigny, whose husband won the Austin Seven given by Messrs. Pass and Joyce to the receiver of the one key out of the forty thousand which they distributed to clients which would unlock the door of the car. She is seen receiving congratulations outside the new Dorchester Hotel, of which Mr. Devigny is the manager

BY MEL

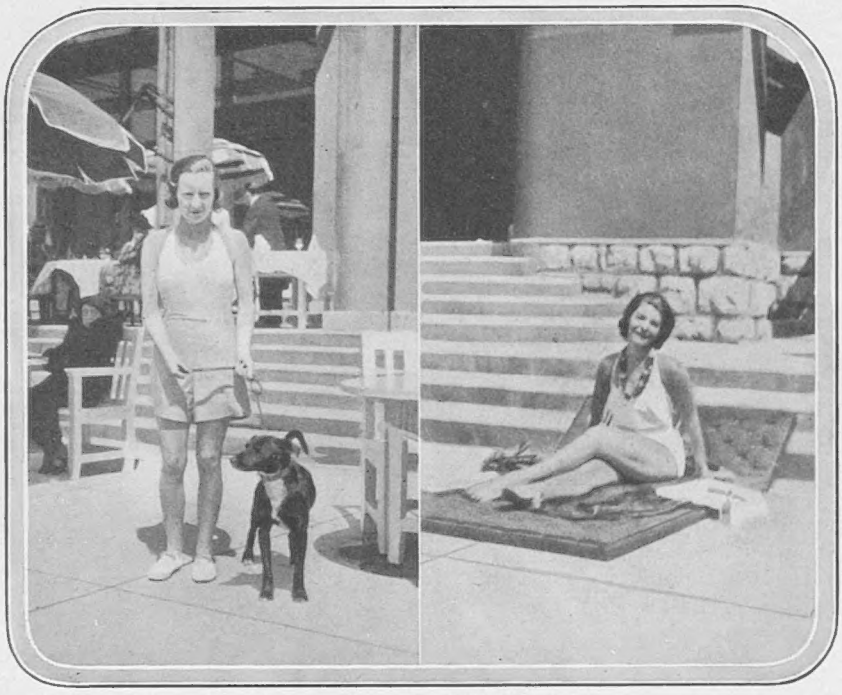
OUR RYDER CUP HOPES

Above are seen impressions of our Ryder Cup team, who will do battle with America in July. Considerable surprise was expressed in golfing quarters that the Selection Committee's first list did not include George Duncan, whose record in Ryder Cup contests stands very high

NOTABLE PORTRAITS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

head of the Mace showing. All pictures of the Premier seem to fail to catch the expression of bewildered eagerness in the eyes, and for a realistic portrait the clothes and collar are far trimmer than ever they appear in the House. Miss Rosa Rosenberg, the Premier's personal secretary, shares the honour with Mr. MacDonald of being hung, but it is the name in the catalogue rather than the painting on the wall that bestirs interest.

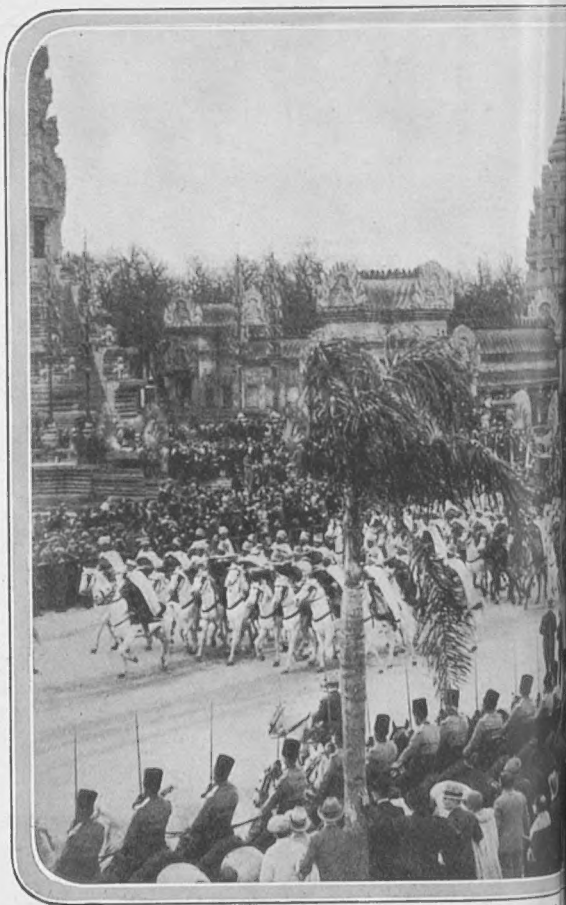
ON either side of the top of the main gallery Lord Lonsdale and Lord D'Abernon are the subjects of the respective skill of Sir John Lavery and Mr. Augustus John. Both artists have taken every advantage of full splendour of ceremonial attire. Lord Lonsdale stands by a green malachite table in the magnificence of the robes of a Knight of the Garter. Through an open doorway his coach and coachmen are to be observed awaiting him in the famous yellow livery, and as if to emphasise the identity of the distinguished sitter a half-smoked cigar is seen lying on an ashtray by his side.



Lady Seafield with her dog, James, at the Monte Carlo Bathing Beach. She and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, have arrived at Cap Ferrat, where they will spend the summer

Mlle. Nikitina, the famous dancer, snapped at the Monte Carlo Bathing Beach. She has started a new and very popular fashion by wearing ropes of crystal beads with her bathing dresses

President Doumergue passing one of the magnificent Chinese tem Vincennes, in Paris, on his way to the opening ceremonies. Thank represented by nothing



A general view of the Presidential procession through the ground remain

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

WOODCHUCK will win over seven furlongs or a mile. Was heavily backed at Newmarket and contested every inch of the race with Great Scot and Ennis Bridge. A neck and a head separated them in a rousing finish.

SING SONG after starting badly ran gamely to occupy second place at Newmarket. Was a well supported favourite.

SISTER CLOVER was shouted home in the Victoria Cup, but found one too speedy in Fleeting Memory at the finish. Is one of the best mares in training.

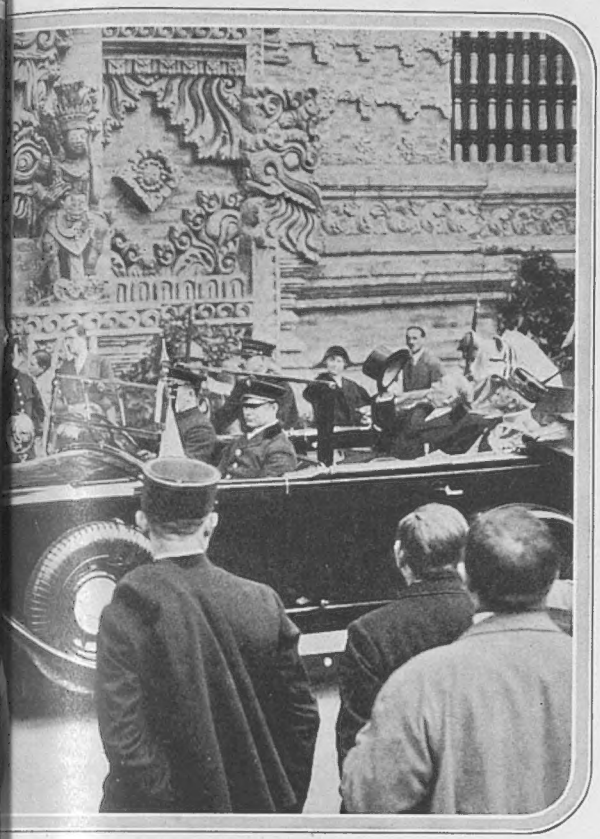
MARCO POLO'S defeat at Chester was expensive. Was interfered with in running. In similar company with better luck will pay his way.

NEM SOHA FILLY, following a bold display when ridden by an apprentice at Newbury, was gambled on at Chester. Was put out of stride during a scrimmage at the turn. Losses should be recovered.

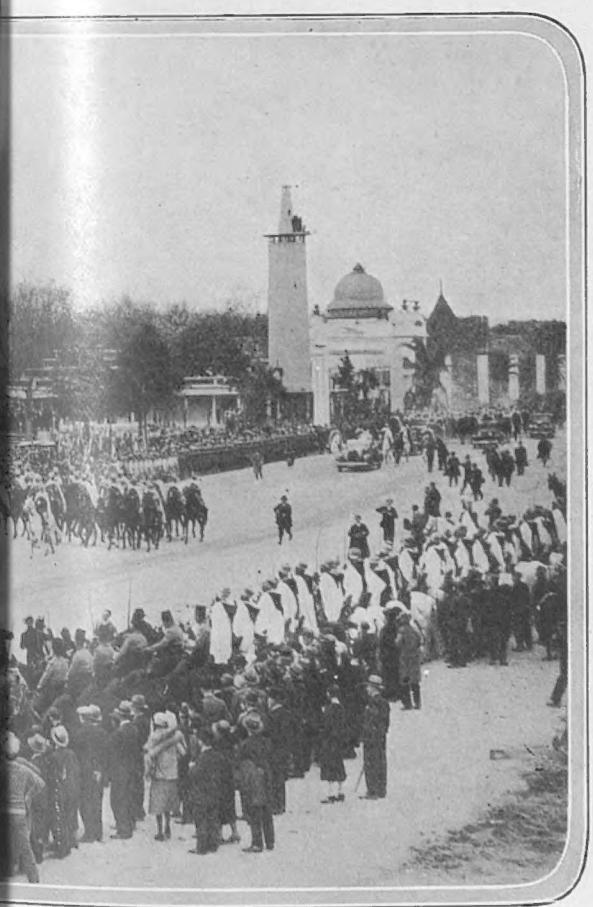
ARCHIMAGE must be watched over a distance. Made progress since Aintree and was strongly fancied at Hurst Park. Made Gigolo go all out.

SO far so good, but in the face the artist has missed that robustiousness which would have made a truly typical portrait. Many of my colleagues claim that John's picture of Lord D'Abernon in all the panoply of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath as well as of St. Michael and St. George, is a great work. I cannot agree with them; it is too pallid in texture and feeling to bear evidence of the artist at his best; in fact, only reference to the catalogue contradicts the impression that it is not a further addition to Sir John Lavery's prolific brush. John seems more at ease with the subject of W. B. Yeats, the poet; a clever study this.

THE WEMBLEY OF FRANCE OPENS ITS GATES



In the grounds of the French Colonial Exhibition at the Porte de ... the typical insularity of our authorities, the Great British Empire is ... than one meagre kiosk!



The French Colonial Exhibition in Paris. The Wembley of France will ... until November

EMULATING the manner of our great portrait painters of the eighteenth century, Mr. Simon Elwes has attempted a very striking picture of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, but one that, except for the prettiness of Mrs. Beck in her exciting red velvet coat and skirt and holding a provocative little muff, would condemn itself by its facile superficiality.

The famous French actor-manager, Sacha Guitry, and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, at the French Colonial Exhibition. They are shown outside an Indo-Chinese temple, one of the many wonderful buildings to be seen in the grounds

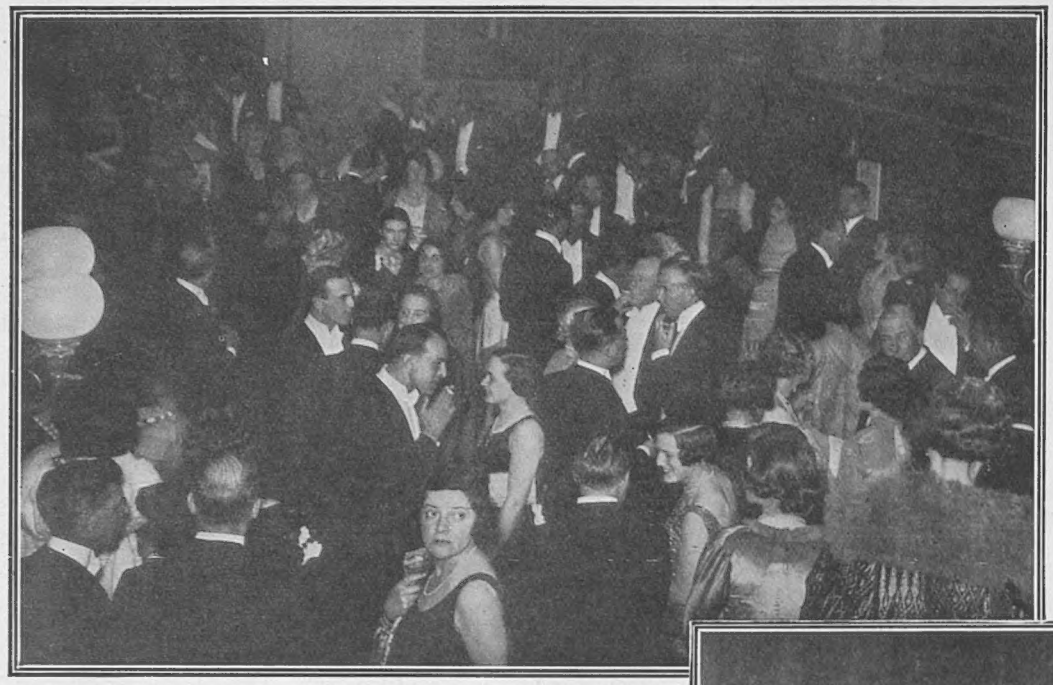
MADAME TUSSAUD herself could not have achieved a better likeness of the Hon. Mrs. John Barran and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven—sometimes known as the "Ruthven twins"—than that painted by F. Cadogan Cowper, and it has, besides, all the eerie atmosphere of Madame Tussaud's best work. The girls stand together hand in hand, identical the flower-petal frocks, identical the scarlet-runner lips, and behind them the tremulous, cobalt blue of night vibrates about the lily pool. If one did not know Mr. Cowper's work fairly well, it might be suspected—in an Academy that will be full of suspicions—that Mr. Edgar Wallace had selected a new medium for dictating a "thriller." There are few pictures of actors and actresses this year, though Mr. Seymour Hicks, and it is always a pleasure to meet him, puts in an appearance as "The Man in Dress Clothes," by Mr. Maurice Codner, a picture that actually succeeds in being more than merely sartorial. Though many Academy favourites have been rejected this year, Mrs. Dod Proctor's nacreous nudes, Laura Knight in the circus, a good Russell Flint, and Mr. Adrian Stokes in sylvan mood, are all to be seen. Surprisingly, against the artistic low level of the pictures, the sculpture is extraordinarily good. Every piece is worth attention.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) the Kit-Cat reopens under the management of the genial Louis, who has brought one or two of the waiters from Ciro's, as well, I believe, as the man who makes the hors d'œuvres there. In the past the Gaumont British Company, which owns the building, used to lease the premises of the Kit-Cat for £11,000 a year. This was a big figure. Now that they are running it themselves, Louis will not have this heavy sum of money to find before showing a profitable balance-sheet.

I HAVE not yet heard which orchestra is going to be there, but I presume it will be a good one. At the present minute the band at Ciro's and Melville Gideon's combination vie with the Café de Paris orchestra as being the best in London. They are all first class, with perhaps Ciro's a neck—or, I should say, a saxophone—in front.

THE Golden Dinner-Ball at the Dorchester was a great success. This hotel is ideal for charity dances, and is being booked up fast. The rumour goes, by the way, that, in the first week after its opening, the

THE OPERA SEASON IN FULL SWING



A glimpse of the crowded foyer at the Covent Garden Opera House during the second interval of "Der Rosenkavalier." Robert Heger conducted the orchestra, and the cast included Margit Augerer, Lotte Lehmann, Philip Bertram and Frederick Davies

restaurant and grill-room receipts, quite apart from the banqueting rooms, amounted to no less than £14,000. Lady Mulleneux Grayson, Lady Riddell, Edith Lady Foley, Lady Kathleen Lindsay, all booked tables for the Golden Ball, the midnight cabaret of which was supplied by Gwen Farrar, Norah Blaney, Cicely Courtneidge, Nelson Keys, Dorothy Dickson, Geoffrey Gwyther, and Marie Burke, with Naunton Wayne as compère.

BY a coincidence, last week, on the very day that I had read how Mr. Arthur Dewar, the millionaire owner of Cameronian, had been lunching off a sausage roll and a glass of stout at a quick-lunch counter in Pall Mall, I saw him at Quaglino's. Even here, with eighty elaborate dishes from which to choose, he showed himself equally frugal. All he had was a slice of smoked salmon, followed by a green salad. I gather, however, that Mr. Dewar is banting, having put on a stone and a half since the death of his uncle, the late Lord Dewar.

AT another table that day at Quaglino's I

Mrs. Converse and Miss Sonia Converse at Covent Garden. They were among the many well-known society people who attended the performance of "Der Rosenkavalier" last week

After the first act of "Der Rosenkavalier" Miss Stella Freemantle and Mr. Aubrey Allinson enjoy a chat and a smoke at Covent Garden

WITH THE CAMERA AT COVENT GARDEN

saw two strange-looking glasses full of a geranium-coloured liquid which aroused my curiosity considerably. The two young men sipping them were Lord Carlow and Mr. Cartland, the brother of Mrs. McCorquodale. Lord Carlow vouchsafed the fact that it was his own invention—orange-juice, water and grenadine. It is known as orangeade à la Carlow. By the way, his parents, Lord and Lady Portarlington, are selling their house.

ANOTHER person who is changing houses is the Ranee of Pudukota, who has just returned from a cruise round Greece, where she missed Bernard Shaw by three days. She has sold her house in Chesterfield Street, but is taking another near by. The Ranee gives some of the most amusing small parties I have been to, and I am frankly delighted to hear that she is going to give others.

THE story goes that the ex-Crown Prince Willy of Germany was at the opera the other night sitting near Lady Dashwood. But I do not believe it. He could not have hoped to enter the country so secretly. The opera is, however, very royal these days, and the house was sold out days before the production of *Rosenkavalier* on Thursday.

A fencing match in progress during supper at the Piccadilly Hotel. The contests, which arouse very considerable interest, are between M. Leone Bertrand and M. Athos Perone, the champion of Tuscany

Left: A supper-time snapshot at the Piccadilly Hotel. Miss Mary Detzer, the well-known singer, and M. Jean Terian watching the fencing match, which proved so popular an innovation

Photographs *Sasha*

Mr. Dick Nunn, Miss Ingrid Nunn and Frau Anna Tibell, who was in the cast of "Der Rosenkavalier." They are seen at supper at the Piccadilly Hotel after the opera last Thursday

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone have promised to be present at the Deptford Fund Ball which will be held at the Dorchester Hotel, on June 12, in aid of the Deptford and Greenwich Babies' Hospital, of which the King and Queen are patrons. The ball is being specially arranged not only to provide funds for a most deserving charity, but to welcome H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone on their return to England. Single tickets are two pounds ten shillings each, including champagne supper and buffet, while blocks of six tickets cost fourteen pounds. Miss Margaret MacLean sits at the receipt of custom at 7, St. James's Street, S.W.

Yevonde

Mrs. Glen Kidston, the wife of the millionaire sportsman, Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston, who met with so tragic a death in the air shortly after his record flight to Africa, with her little son, Archie. Before her marriage she was Miss Nancy Soames

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR, double-owe-four-three . . . Hello . . . hello, my dear Baa, do answer your telephone quickly. . . . I am so rushed I don't know where I am: . . Cocktail . . . luncheon . . . night-club and tête-à-tête parties by every telephone call. . . .

* * *

LAST week started very sadly for us all. Glen Kidston had so many friends . . . the news came through when his sister, Audrey Bellville, was acting at the Hippodrome in a charity matinée . . . although luckily she was not told until the performance was over. . . .

* * *

CHARITY committee meetings and charity balls are thicker than pea-soup, but the organisers are having their work cut out to collect money because no one can go on giving and giving indefinitely. . . . However, as usual, Mrs. Braham is drawing blood from stones . . . and at Brook House she had three very lovely women to support her. . . . Bridget Carlisle, in the chair, was eloquent and very smart in black. . . . Edwina Mountbatten, in beige, was, I thought, looking beautiful, but rather fragile, on her return from abroad . . . and Mrs. Stanley-Smith had been captured between her almost weekly visits to Paris, and Lady Douro was there with her daughter, Anne Wellesley.

* * *

MOLLY PUDUKOTA has a temporary flat at Grosvenor House. . . . When I saw her there she was as chic as ever and wearing one of the smartest crystal and diamond *expanding* bracelets I have ever seen. Molly has just arrived from the South of France and Averil Imeretinsky has returned to us from New York . . . where she has had a wonderful time . . . and Marjorie Brecknock is also a returned voyager . . . and is looking more attractive than ever. . . .

* * *

HOW pretty Bunny Bannerman is! I see her often, and she always looks cool . . . fresh and charming, however busy she may be. . . . Her little sister-in-law, Anita Princeps . . . on the contrary, is always in a hurry . . . vivacious . . . quick and witty. She leaves you breathless. . . . Anita is a great friend of Oonagh Kindersley. . . . They are exactly the same height, but one blonde and the other brunette. . . . A secret engagement between an attractive debutante, who looks her best on a horse, and whose name is appropriately sporting . . . and a young man of whom the family did not approve . . . is off . . . the joke being that, while everyone else knew, the family never found out. . . .

* * *

POOR Betty Hulton, or, rather, I should say, Betty Stephens, has had mumps on her honeymoon. . . . Can you imagine anything more depressing . . . ? Betty and husband are due home in July. . . .

* * *

THE patchwork berets I told you about some time ago have become very fashionable. Enid Stamp-Taylor was looking ravishing in one of green, white, and red triangles when I talked to her at the Savoy Grill; and Heather Thatcher had a black and white one, which matched her clothes and also her dog. . . .

* * *

GLADYS MCGRATH, as smart and amusing as ever, was at the Tivoli the other night with her good-looking husband. . . . Gladys has a charming house in York Terrace, and that adjective is used really truthfully. . . . The dining-room is so narrow that there is no room for sideboards, so Gladys very cleverly arranged shelves fixed to the wall to serve instead. . . . Commander McGrath's study looks on to a garden which is generally a mass of flowers, for Gladys has obtained a special concession to be allowed to plant her own. . . .

* * *

EVERYONE is thinking of Ascot clothes . . . planning and fitting . . . Dorothy Campbell looked too lovely in a yellow organdie get-up which she was lent from a show . . . but whether it will be her own choice remains to be seen. . . . She is so very like her friend, Sylvia Ashley, that I often wonder why in past days at the Winter Garden they were never cast for a sister act. . . . I think neither of them wish to return to the footlights like Frances Doble . . . now Lady Lindsay-Hogg, who is taking up a new part. . . . All three of the above look lovely on or off the stage, which should be an example to some of our other actresses . . . who come out of the stage-door looking as dowdy as their dressers. . . .

Fay Compton and Tallulah never make this mistake; they always look wonderful . . . but I can't say the same of . . . Cicely Courtneidge . . . Peggy Wood . . . or Gwen ffrangçon-Davies.

* * *

DARLING, I must fly. . . . I have three cocktail parties to attend before I can dress, and dinner is at 8.30. . . . So absurd when no one smart dines before nine-thirty. Au revoir. . . .

"They did but see him passing by"

DUNLOP REINFORCED
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF
C.F.H.646

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE. No 1

MR. WAYTE-WAYTE

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

DECORATIONS BY W. DE GROOT

ALL day long, amid the devilish rattle and shriek of high-powered electric drills and cranes and the clang of iron and the crash of masonry, amid clouds of dust and steam and smoke and the hoarse cries of Alf and Bill, the last of the Hotel Cecil crumbles away under the contractor's ruthless hand. To every lover of London it is melancholy to remember all that is gone; the room where Claude Monet used to stay when he came over from Paris to paint the Thames and Waterloo Bridge,* the room where Verlaine wrote his poem on the Strand, beginning:—

Dans le vieux Strand
solitaire et glacé,
Les oiseaux sont un
petit peu passés....

the room where Sir William Hoot leaped madly out of the window, somebody having knocked by mistake on the door in the small hours; the room where—well, all are vanished.

"He sits, a rather aloof and haughty figure, like Don Juan in hell, at what remains of a corner of the Cecil cocktail bar"

Still more melancholy is something, part of the Cecil, that yet remains unmoved amid the dust and noise. Pick your way delicately with me among the rubbish, dodging falling masonry and swinging girders and avoiding terrible great chasms, and I will point out what I mean. It is the brooding figure, covered with dust and bits of cement, of a man named Richard Drelincourt Wayte-Wayte. He sits, a rather aloof and haughty figure, like Don Juan in hell, at what remains of a corner of the Cecil cocktail bar, the merest fragment of scarred mahogany and dulled brass rail. He is the sole survivor, and his story is somewhat curious.

One evening, some little time after the Armistice, when the Cecil had been rescued from the Air Force—and many a sweet English girl never had that good luck—and restored to what a journalist would call its primal functions, Richard Wayte-Wayte was sitting in his customary place in the cocktail bar telling a stockbroker about a woman. The stockbroker, whom he knew slightly, was red and cheery, and, as Richard Wayte-Wayte continued to tell him about this woman (whose name he, of course, suppressed, for he had been at a good school), they both sipped at a series of cocktails composed of one yolk of egg, one glass of old brandy, and one teaspoonful of castor sugar, the whole well shaken, strained into a medium wine-glass, filled up with champagne, and peculiar to the Cecil. At intervals the stockbroker would say:—

"Tck, tck, tck, tck."

Or soothingly:

"That's too bad, old boy."

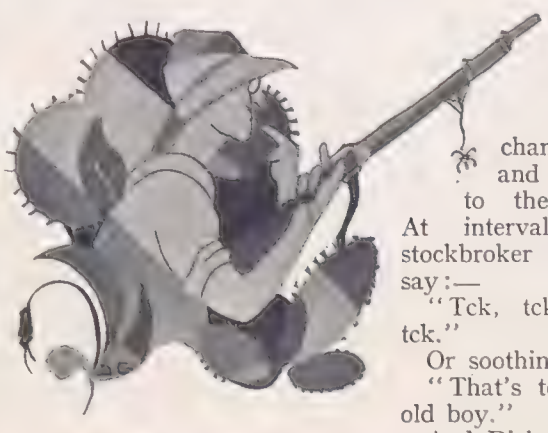
And Richard continued to tell him about another woman, how she had also wrecked his life years before; how he asked her to marry him and she refused, and he went out to East Africa and shot big game, the hartebeeste and the wildebeeste and the rinderpest and the gnu; and how he came home three times, asked her again, was refused each time, and again went out to shoot big game, the hartebeeste and the wildebeeste and the rinderpest and the gnu. And how, finally, she accepted him, and they were married; and how a day later he again set out for East Africa to shoot big game, the hartebeeste and the wildebeeste and the rinderpest and the gnu; and how at length, when they found him in the forest, and asked: "Don't you *like* being married to the woman you adore?" he replied, "Yes, but I've sort of got into the *habit* of shooting big game, the hartebeeste, the wildebeeste, the rinderpest, and the gnu." All this Richard told the stockbroker, and after some time became dimly aware that the stockbroker was interrupting and offering him something. He frowned a little, and, having ordered fresh cocktails, went on to describe another woman, a girl like a tigress whom he (Richard Wayte-Wayte) had successfully tamed. About half an hour later the stockbroker interrupted again, and sold him the Cecil.

"Take it or leave it, o' boy," said the stockbroker, waving his fingers. "'Syours if you want it, seewhatimean?"

"God, how I loved that girl!" said Richard dully.

"Anyhow, o' boy," said the stockbroker, "you can have it now if you want it, seewhatimean?"

"Thassalotagood to me," said Richard, bitterly. He, nevertheless, groped for his cheque book and wrote a cheque then and there, and gave it to the stockbroker for the Cecil; and then, taking a sudden dislike to the fellow, he rose up and smote him between the eyes, and the stockbroker passed out and was removed home to Surrey, delirious, but still grasping Richard's cheque. Richard thus became the owner of the Cecil, and it



"He went out to East Africa and shot big game"

* This room is now at the Savoy

Jack Barty (left), Stanley Lathbury, Lea Seidl and Rita Page in a scene from the enormously successful "White Horse Inn" at the Coliseum. A project is on foot to reproduce the "biergarten" scene at supper-time in a famous West End restaurant, when some of the company will appear in song and dance numbers from the play

was therefore unfortunate that a few evenings later, as he was sitting gloomily in his favourite place at the bar, a lot of men should have come in and removed all the furniture.

"Hey," said Richard angrily. "Hey, you!"

He turned to complain to the barman, but the barman had gone. Richard relapsed into brooding again, thinking of the women who had wrecked his life, of the hartebeeste, the wildebeeste, the rinderpest, and the gnu, of the stockbroker (whom he disliked now more than ever since he had sold him the Cecil), and kindred subjects. As he brooded a large piece of cornice fell off and crashed at his feet in a shower of dust and plaster. Richard stared up at the hole. A human leg was waving about in it, a leg encased in corduroys, strapped below the knee. Then a red, bristly face looked down at him.

"What the devil are you doing?" asked Richard.

The man said he was knocking the Cecil down.

"You can't do that," said Richard sharply.

"Yes, I can," said the man, and to prove that he could he laughingly took a large pick and knocked a great lump off the ceiling.

"Have you ever," said Richard, after a pause, "loved a woman so much that to see her threw you into a kind of ague?"

"That seems to me," said the workman, shaking his head, "to partake more of the nature of mere

"The stockbroker . . . shows the cheque to his guests with a raucous laugh"

physical desire than of that honourable love which any Englishman worthy of the name is proud to offer the object of his worship." So saying, the workman, looking very reproving, swung his pick vigorously and knocked off another lump of the ceiling.

"You have no sex-life?" asked Richard.

"I cannot discuss such things with a total stranger," said the workman, blushing furiously, and he set to work in earnest, till Richard was covered with dust. Richard relapsed into his brooding once more. When he next looked up, a whole gang of men were at work round him, and all the walls of the bar were down.

"Look here," he said, "you can't do this."

"I fancy, sir, we can," said the foreman, politely, and he showed Richard a huge contract empowering him to knock down the Cecil and put up a block of offices and flats on its site. He did not seem to know that Richard was the actual owner of the Cecil, and, on being informed of this fact, he expressed polite regrets, which he repeated on hearing that Richard's life had been wrecked by women. A group of workmen gathered round and also expressed sympathy and indignation.

"What are women, after all?" said the foreman, shrugging, "but a sweet poison?"

"Don't say that," said a tall, fair workman, known to his mates as "Sexy George."

"Do you remember," said a rather sallow workman, eagerly, "that too terribly divine passage in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, where she——"

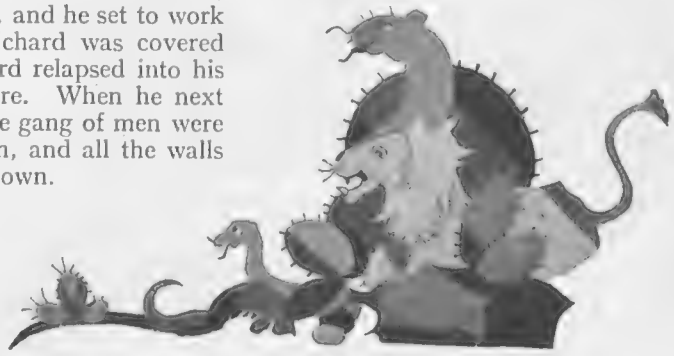
The sudden roar of an electric drill drowned all else, and the men reluctantly moved off to work.

"You here to-morrow?" said Richard dully to the foreman.

The foreman nodded.

"So am I," said Richard with bitter emphasis; and so he was, and so he is still, the last habitué, the real owner of what was the Cecil. Now and again he rouses from his brooding, and chats on big game and sex and stockbrokers with the nearest workman, but sooner or later he sighs and relapses into the old coma. . . .

Two projects are afoot concerning him now; the first, that he shall be built, with his bit of cocktail bar, into the new building and shown to American tourists; the other that he shall be stuffed and preserved, a Bit of Old London, in the London Museum. He doesn't care which. As for the cheque with which he bought the Cecil, the stockbroker shows it to his guests with a raucous laugh. It is made out to "Metropolitan Gas," and signed "Sophie Tucker" as much as anything. D. B. W. L.



AT THE PLAY

LOVE in the CITY and MURDER in a SUBURB

BY VERNON WOODHOUSE

SKETCHES OF "LONDON WALL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Goings on in a solicitor's office.—Miss Bufton (Helen Goss), shorthand typist, delighted at having been taken to a restaurant by a gentleman friend where the band played "Madame Butterfly"; Miss Hooper (Nadine March), another of the species, satisfied at last by getting an engagement ring; Birkenshaw (John Mills), a posh office boy, revelling in the details of a rich and juicy divorce case correspondence

"London Wall," at the Duke of York's

THE 8.57 steams into the suburban station en route for the City in the early 'nineties. The platform is crowded with passengers, most of them wearing top-hats. If, by chance, there is a woman, then the excitement is intense and speculation is rampant as to her identity and the cause of her appearance. Women were not "in business" then, and were even more rare than the typewriter or the telephone.

NOW that women have pushed men out of jobs and, incidentally, do them uncommonly well, the modern dramatist has at hand a new field, and young John van Druten has tilled it in *London Wall*—when we see the mixing of the sexes and what comes of it in a lawyer's office.

ONCE again, however, the difficulty a dramatist has in depicting any sort of business on the stage is apparent. If office routine is carried on, how the deuce can the story be told? If the story is told, when does office routine come in? Very artfully, Mr. van Druten begins his play at the luncheon hour, which gives him a chance of a clear start, for when the bosses are chewing their chops it is obvious that the rest of the staff will raise noses from the grindstone.

RATHER than concentrating on a couple of characters, Mr. van Druten spreads his interest mainly on the girls in the office. There is the pert Miss Hooper, who at length gets a man to divorce his wife and become engaged to her; there is the promiscuous Miss Bufton, out for a good time with anything in trousers; and there is the youngest of the typists, Miss Milligan, who is loved pour le bon motif by a clerk in an office below and is sought after without any good motive at all by a sort of managing clerk, who gets booted out by the boss in the end.

BUT the most interesting of the lot is Miss Janus, thirty-eight years old, who has been with the firm for donkey's years and engaged to be married for seven to a man to whom she has given herself for three. A callous brute, who, without warning, "chucks" her over the telephone, and if you can appreciate fine acting and beautifully restrained writing in a tragic little scene, it is worth going to the Duke of York's to see what Marie Ney and

Miss Milligan (Heather Angel), all dressed up and nowhere to go, having cancelled a date with a he-man to find consolation with Hec Hammond (Frank Lawton), a nice clean boy who offers marriage on a small income

The tragic figure of the play—Miss Janus (Marie Ney), growing old in business and thrown over by a man to whom she was engaged

John van Druten between them make of it.

BUT, then, the acting all round is on a very high plane. In addition to the typists of Nadine March and Helen Goss, who get any amount of character out of Miss Hooper and Miss Bufton, the office boy of John Mills is played in the best key of comedy. Henry Mollison, as the managing clerk, is as lifelike as can be as the seducer, and Frank Royde, the head of the firm, really behaves as a middle-aged lawyer should.

THEN we have Frank Lawton as the boy from the office below. A very clever performance this. There is just a trace of cockneydom, no more, and stupidly as he behaves—his mind has to be made up for him by Miss Janus—Frank Lawton makes you realise that the boy is a really decent sort and a fit mate for a decent girl. This girl is played by Heather Angel, who is petite, pretty and appealing, but let me beg her to take care of her enunciation and get rid of a lisp which, unless cured, will hamper her in her career. Finally, a word of praise to Katie Johnson as a litigious old lady who is slightly "ga-ga," and congratulations to Auriol Lee on the perfect production of a clever and entertaining play.

"Payment Deferred," at the St. James's

ALTHOUGH C. S. Forester's powerful novel has been cleverly adapted for the stage by Jeffrey Dell, I have my doubts as to whether it has in it the elements of popularity. This story of a man who committed a murder which was undiscovered, and is ultimately hanged for poisoning his wife, a crime of which he is innocent, is a better theme treated between the boards of a book than on the boards of the stage.

BUT because a play may not possess popular appeal, this need not necessarily damn it as a work of art. *Payment Deferred,* however, fails in this respect, because, not only is it extraordinarily gloomy, but it lacks variety. A single note is struck throughout, and that is a funeral one! There is no light and shade whatever, though I must admit it is difficult to see where the light could come from. Lovers of Russian drama may protest vigorously that perpetual shadows do not obscure a work of art, but, contrariwise, I protest most vigorously that they do!

FOR me I found the only bright spot in the acting of Louise Hampton as the harassed, loyal, and affectionate wife of the murderer. This was really a beautiful performance, rising at times to tragic power, as when it dawns upon her that the husband on whom she dotes is stamped with the brand of Cain.

IT is Charles Laughton who, up to his eyes in debt, poisons a rich young relative from Australia and gets away with it, and he also plays with undoubted, even horrible, power. But I think he is *too* powerful. William Marble is supposed to be a middle-aged bank clerk, but no one would recognise in this coarse, Cockney-speaking, nerve-ridden specimen of humanity an official of a big bank. I visualise a William Marble of quite another kind of individual, but, to a certain extent, this is due to an intimate acquaintance with the novel.

V. W.

Mr. Walker (Frank Royde), a solicitor of standing, discovers one of his staff, Eric Brewer (Henry Mollison), on the tiles (not those illustrated), and paying unwanted attentions to Miss Milligan (Heather Angel), one of the young ladies who taps a typewriter in the office

BY LINDSAY CABLE

AN ANCIENT "FREEZE"

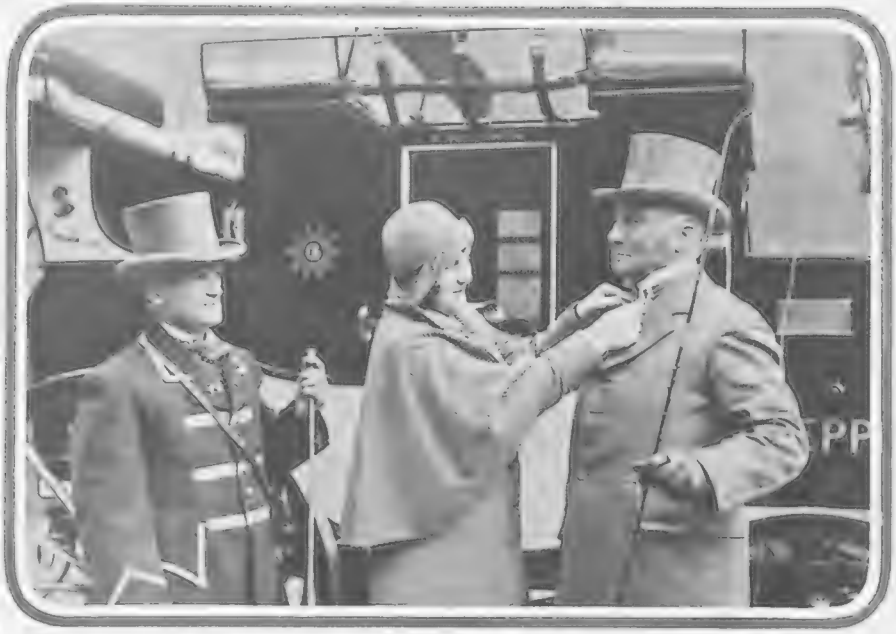
(Depicting the presentation of the "BIRD")

if Gossip we must

Dorothy Wilding

JESSICA TANDY

Who is appearing in that highly sentimental and successful play, "Autumn Crocus," at the Lyric. She plays the part of the girl who is experimenting in companionate marriage amidst the mountains of Austrian Tyrol



The Coaching Season has opened, and Mr. Stanley Cave, who has driven the famous Greyhound coach for fifty-one years, is seen with his daughter, Mary, who is putting the finishing touches to his stock before the first run. He drove the Greyhound to Great Fosters, in Windsor Forest

A FAR greater statesman than Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—to wit, Cardinal Wolsey—once talked of "ego et rex meus." That proved nothing more harmful to him than that he was a better Latin scholar than courtier. He did not wish to convey the impression that he had his king in his cassock pocket, which would have been in any case a difficult arrangement, seeing that the king in this case was Henry VIII. But he did not pose as ignoring the king altogether. This was fortunate for him, since the bluffness of King Hal did not stop him feeling pretty strongly about slights on the Royal name, and it frequently led him into ordering with a wintry smile the summary execution of those who did so offend.

BUT Mr. MacDonald does not say, "I and my king," or even "My king and I." He merely says, "We," and leaves it at that. Not the Royal "we," or even the editorial "we," but the Government "we." The House of Lords being at loggerheads with the P.M. over the land question, the Prime Minister merely says, "We shall appoint new peers." Short and not very sweet. This can

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"Beware of a dark man"
"Too late. I've married him!"

only mean that the P.M. thinks that he has the right to appoint whomsoever he pleases, without including anyone else in the prerogative, in which case he shows elementary ignorance of the constitution of the country whose destinies he has a large share in directing. Or this is a deliberate slight on the King as a constitutional monarch. Both attitudes are equally undesirable on the part of a Prime Minister.

MR. ALEC BROOKES

The founder of the Piccadilly Princes' Club, Ltd., which was opened recently. It is for those who are connected with all branches of sport

MR. MACDONALD is partly supported in this attitude by the docile Labour Press. The *Daily Herald* calls, too, Lord Hailsham's perfectly constitutional offer to amend the Agricultural Land Bill—amendment being one of the jobs of the Upper House—"a masterpiece of effrontery." It also talks of "Lord Hailsham and his fellow conspirators," and refers to the House of Lords as "an obsolete nuisance."

YET it is neither snobbery nor pin-headed sentimentality about the picturesque past, but only a little hard common-sense that will soon convince anyone not blinded by class hatred that the House of Lords is, so far from being either obsolete or a nuisance, more vitally necessary today than ever it was. It remains unbiased in the best sense, simply because it is not an elected assembly. That is to say, its members do not have to let their better judgments go by the board for fear of losing votes. They do not have to kow-tow to democratic appeal, wrong or right (and Old Man Ibsen hit the nail fairly on the head when he said that democracy was usually in the wrong), in exchange for a little limelight and £400 a year. And that is far more important than Mr. MacDonald's "we," whether that sprang from bad manners or from a silly attempt to drag the King into politics.

THIS year's Royal Academy will go down to history as the one notable for an amazing number of rejections of pictures by well-known artists not of the inner band, or holy of holies. The Hanging Committee seem to have taken notice of last year's criticisms, for they have admitted plenty of new stuff by the young unknowns and plenty of highly coloured and even rather crude work, with the result that Burlington House is for the moment not unlike the Paris Salon.

BUT the men in between the R.A.s and the newcomers have suffered, the men who were beginning to make their way and be talked about. It may be a coincidence, but there seems to me at the back of some decisions an atmosphere of "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther—for the present." There also appears to be an official prejudice against portraits with dark backgrounds, unless painted by the members and the associates. I am sure no Academy has caused so much rankling, discussion, and disappointment behind the scenes.

I HAD something to say last week of the "Come to Britain" movement. Since then (oh, yes, I realise the inconsistency of it) I have spent a few days in Germany, incidentally meeting C. B. Cochran in Berlin. C. B. C. was on his way to Russia with Albert Coates, the conductor—an old friend of his who conducted for him when Chaliapin sang on a fit-up stage in the Albert Hall. The point of this paragraph, however, is that I went to Germany all the way by sea and found the boat full of Americans. The unanimity with which these Americans decided not to get off at Southampton, but to continue the journey to Hamburg, was wonderful.

REALLY, one can hardly blame them. They were, most of them,

ELSA LANCHESTER Dorothy Wilding

Who is appearing with her husband, Charles Laughton, in "Payment Deferred," the stage version of the novel of that name by C. S. Forester. The play opened at the St. James's Theatre on the Monday of last week and is reviewed by our dramatic critic on page 328

on their way to Europe to have a good time and to escape from the restrictions and absurdities of their own country. For it must be remembered that there are some law-abiding Americans, and not all of them care to, or can afford to, have dealings with a bootlegger and pay blackmail to policemen. So why, when escaping from God's Own Country in search of freedom, should they go to a country that is in this respect but little less absurd and restriction-ridden than their own?

Why, on holiday, should they come to England, where one cannot buy a drink at any time one likes and cannot, after certain hours, buy a packet of cigarettes? The "Come to Britain" movement, for all its admirable qualities, will be merely ploughing the sands until Britain is made, by the removal of petty restrictions, a more comfortable place to which to come.

ONLY by energetic combined action by the interests concerned can this be brought about. The hotel managers must unite, and the theatre managers, too, and the big shopkeepers, if they are to have the advantage of American customers in these difficult times. It is depressing, and worse, to think of the amount of American money brought over to Europe by even one big liner—money that will be spent not in England, but in the hotels, restaurants, theatres and shops of Germany, Italy, France and Spain. And the absurdity is that it is all our own fault. British food, scenery, and historical attractions can hold their own with those of all these Continental countries, though one must admit that our climate lets us down a bit.

MEANWHILE, some things among us are flourishing, including the opera at Covent Garden. Night after night the huge place continues to be crowded for the perfectly superb performances of *The Ring*, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Fledermaus*. Most people are dressing this year for the performances that start at 5 in the afternoon, and they either dine in the theatre, where a simple but excellent meal can be obtained, or they go out to the various restaurants which cater particularly for opera-lovers who, owing to the length of some of the performances, have to demand food at odd hours. Quaglino, for instance, is doing well with his "Ring" dinners. He himself is a keen musician, though, naturally enough, Italian opera is more in his line than Wagner.

Lassalle

Miss Noel Eadie, the well-known Scottish soprano who is appearing in Grand Opera at Covent Garden this season. She will take the part of "Queen of Night" in "The Magic Flute" and "Gilda" in "Rigoletto"

A "Roman Centurion" beside one of the amusing signboards to be used in the Aldershot Tattoo. As the Socialist Government, averse to anything like modern warfare—on the ostrich's principle of burying its head in the sand—have tabooed incidents illustrating the fighting tactics of to-day, the Tattoo authorities have fallen back sardonically to the days of Julius Cæsar

BY FRANK FORD

"My love for you, Annette, is like the deep blue sea"
"Is that to be taken with an equal quantity of salt?"

THE most assiduous opera-goer this season, and quite the loveliest, is Viscountess Howe, who sits in the same seat night after night, far back in the stalls. Usually her daughter, Lady Georgina Curzon, accompanies her, and usually she wears blue. Princess Mary heard *Siegfried* the other night, and other regular attendants have been the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Oxford and Asquith, Lady Headfort, young Lord Moore,

BRIGHTON BECOMES

A scene on the front at Brighton, looking umbrellas at the alfresco café providing as needed to keep off the sa

fine bunch of guys her citizens are that it came as quite a shock to find an editorial in *Liberty*, a weekly magazine with a circulation of well over two millions, devoted to praising British enterprise and pluck in the world of sport. "We can outdo the British at sailing yachts," comments the writer, "and when we beat an old gentleman, racing at ten miles an hour, we give the loser a silver cup by popular subscription. At that rate Capt. Campbell ought to have a gold cup with his initials on it in diamonds. We are prone to think of the English as a leisurely people and of ourselves as speed merchants, but when the test is really worth while they mostly beat us."

Not content with this tribute, the article continues by pointing out that, despite the bad time through which we are passing, "there still remain adventurers in England; the kind that made the British Empire. . . . There is evidently in them some kind of stuff—some toughness of fibre—that urges them to go fast on land, on water and in the air." Then follows a tribute to Lady Houston's public-spirited action in financing our Schneider Trophy team. I hope that this magnanimous article won't cost *Liberty* the subscriptions of so many of those two millions and more readers who can see no good in anything that is not one hundred per cent. American!

"Boadicea" tries out her war chariot in the Rushmoor Arena during a rehearsal for the Aldershot Tattoo. This will open on Saturday, June 13

who has just come of age and is tremendously fond of music, and the Portuguese Ambassador.

America as a nation cannot generally be accused of suffering from an excess of modesty. We have, in fact, become so used to hearing her tell the world what an almighty

CONTINENTALISED

towards the Royal Albion Hotel, with the large coloured authentic Continental touch. Let us hope they will be rather than the rain, this summer

WHOOPEE OR NOT WHOOPEE?

Texas Guinan, New York's Night Club Queen, is to start business in London next autumn. According to the "Daily Mail," she will arrive complete with "all my twenty beautiful kids, my band two comics, my maitre d'hotel and my white horse, to help London to make whoopee!"

SAY, listen here, you British guys
You're sure too goldurned slow,
So muscle in and now git wise
To Texas Guinan's show.
You think you know a thing or two?
Why, shucks, you rubbernecks,
You sound as if you all were goopy
For how the heck can you make whoopee
Without your little Tex?

I'll learn you how to laugh and sing,
You'll hit the high spots soon,
And even guys like your Dean Inge
Will learn to uke and croon.
Ma Meyrick ain't got nix on me,
I'm first of all my sex,
And when I ride down Piccadilly
In white sombrero on my filly,
You'll root like heck for Tex.

You Britishers like modesty?
Well, give this girl a hand,
For sweet, retiring ways you'll see
Your Guinan beats the band.
So put the old Tuxedo on,
For England now expec's
That every man will do his duty
And fight for Whoopee, Hooch and Beauty
Commercialised by Tex. B. W.

ELIZABETH ALLAN

Who plays "Daphne" in the new Ian Hay comedy "Mr. Faint-Heart," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She is a clever young actress who is making a name for herself

Fresh simplicity marks this morning two-piece frock in sheer black woollen with lingerie collar and cuffs *Model Molyneux*

SPRING CLOTHES

By Blanche B. Elliott

THE new brimmed hats have got *such* brims! Not the kind of thing we have been accustomed to at all. They turn off the face and off the hair too, and have coy little blooms tucked away on them in some unexpected spot, or a touch of ribbon, a bit of feather or prystal—as we prefer. They are making women look positively girlish and *feel* fundamentally dangerous! Now that we have all learnt to camouflage a bit with the fierce light of day beating down from a brimless hat on to an unprotected forehead, something *had* to be done. We are most appreciative, therefore, of the little becoming shadow that is thrown over our eyes. So many people, too, are having the new blue lashes. Really original—I don't know who thought of them first, unless it was the cinema stars, but they should only be attempted by the possessors of the long, curly kind (lashes, I mean). And talking of make-up, there is a new beauty cult in Paris that absolutely *scouts* the idea as being positively old-fashioned of wearing a colour because it *suits* you. Instead you decide on your colour and then just match it up with the right kind of complexion. It certainly sounds drastic, but I am assured that the results are wonderfully successful. We have to reorganise our ideas of colour, for we can at last wear what we want to but hitherto haven't dared because it "didn't suit us." We can always follow the flippant modern adage of "try everything once."

ON viewing the collections one realises that fashion is in an extremely accommodating mood. There are frock styles to suit everyone and kinds to suit every moment of the most diverse day. Skirts for evening continue to be shown so long as to touch the ground, of instep length and the new ankle length for dancing. Molyneux says that every woman with pretty ankles should be given an opportunity to show them. He definitely gives the above three lengths for the evening and short and longer for the sports and afternoon dress, the latter varying according to their degree of formality. Now pyjamas enter the competition, and there are the new "shorts" length for the plage, ankle length, and touching the ground, so that we can all go as we please.

FOR summery materials we are back to the well-tried favourites, the flowered chiffon or georgette, and most beautifully flowered at that, for the designers have had time to bring out the most exquisite of designs. Now re-enters after a long period of absence the lingerie frock, which is the essence of simplicity and freshness, and gives an outlet for the most wonderful of hand embroidery which is always such a joy in the French hand-made frock. Many linens, too, are used in lovely pale shades both for frocks and the simple, straight over-blouses which are really belted waistcoats and invariably sleeveless. New washable crêpes, and the most welcome number of cottons in the shape of plain or printed piqués, organdie, and just one or two cotton voiles are seen; the latter are in such sheer lovely qualities that they really should

be encouraged, particularly for those who live in hot climates, for nothing washes better or is so cool to wear. Much broderie anglaise for frocks and blouses and to form the gayest and freshest of buttonholes, so let our cotton manufacturers take heart of grace once more.

ONE may track many of the nicest of the French models which charmed the eye in Paris to London showrooms, where in attractive surroundings and very much at home we can see not only one house but a choice from several represented. For there is a great renaissance in dress taking place in the showrooms in Mayfair, and a great deal of creating genius and enterprise being shown in which we should show a greater interest. We are hospitably invited to sip tea and cocktails with some deliciously indigestible accompaniment while we view models of hats, frocks, house decoration, each with the characteristic imprint of the creator's personality.

FOR instance, Madelon Chaumet finds hat inspiration in music and the names of places express, for her, colour. She not only named her hats but described them in music to an interested audience, embodying in an original way the hat, its colour, name and tune. Mostly frivolous, but each with a very practical mission in life. Then there is the clever Russian at Rosemary's who creates hats for your own particular head in as chic and charming a way as you may find, and matches it to the frock you buy there, forming the combination that most women seek in the perfect ensemble.

THEN a wonderful party to which one is invited to view the kind of sports or motoring frock Idare creates for you to wear so as not to disgrace the wonderful Cadillac car you *may* have bought (both frock and car on view) to the strains of Mayfair's smartest band. Again, a summons to Claridge's by Contessa to partake of a "dish of tea," with a mannequin display, preceded by models from the Victorian era and a talk by Major Lowrie, a blinded officer who has become a gifted osteopath, on how to acquire beauty of form, not forgetting Hartigan, the modern house decorator, who read a short paper on the subject. Never was shopping combined with so much entertainment and pleasure as in London now!

QUICKNESS is as necessary in fashion as in any other form of news, and it is a joy to see Suzanne Talbot's newest and cutest little round crown sailor with a bit of prystal trimming peeping from a shop in Conduit Street. There is Molyneux's intriguing little cape bound with fur and pretending to be a coat; a lovely red lace from Chanel—and all just at our hand in London's smartest salons without the tiresome journey across to find them!

A youthful frock in red plissé tulle with a flare given to peplum and hem by a ciré braid binding
Model Lanvin

HOME: GRAND NEW FILM. ALL TALKING

The last photograph of Tallulah Bankhead before she left London en route for America. She has just scored a huge film success in her native country, where many of her "fans" claim that she is a serious rival to Greta Garbo

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD was met on arrival in New York by her mother and father. He is Congressman William B. Bankhead. — *News Item.*

The first scene opens in New York, on the quay, or the port, or the Statue of Liberty; anyway, they're all there. Mr. and Mrs. Bankhead are waiting.

MRS. BANKHEAD: I expect there will be a change, William.

MR. BANKHEAD: Of course, there'll be a change. You were a change at her age. Being in a foreign country's bound to have changed her.

MRS. B.: London's such a big, big city. I never liked her going over there all alone.

MR. B.: Oh, nonsense; Tallulah's able to look after herself.

MRS. B.: You men always think women are able to look after themselves, but a girl on the stage has so many, many temptations.

MR. B.: Aw, stop it, can't you! Anybody would think she was a failure to hear you talk, instead of the greatest actress Piccadilly, or whatever they call the place, has ever seen. Come on, now, smile. She'll be here any minute.

The scene changes. We are on board ship. Mayor Walker is welcoming distinguished visitors and others. He is accompanied by other Civic Dignitaries.

THE MAYOR: Guess we're pretty near through, boys. Xubulov was the last one. That ought to be pretty near the end of the alphabet. Hey, Steward, ask if they've got any more Distinguished Passengers on board, will you?

A STEWARD (*calling*): Hey, below there, any more for the Mayor? Any more for the Mayor?

A VOICE (*that voice whose dulcet, drowsy huskiness has tingled a thousand hearts in London, not to mention Eastbourne, Brighton, Liverpool, etc.*): For heaven's sake, darlings, what's the hustle? I'm American, aren't I?

STEWARD: One more coming, sir. Lady by name of Bankhead. Christian name, Tallulah.

THE MAYOR: Okay. Where is it? (*Flicking pages of Passenger List.*) Bank, Bank, Balstead, Bamworthy, Bannister; ah! here we are, Bankhead, Tallulah, actress, been in London. (*Enter Miss Bankhead.*) Why, how do you do, Miss Bankhead? On behalf of the State of New York we welcome you to our City. (*Handing up the Visitors' Book.*) Will you sign here, please? Thank you. Oh, by the way, did you say your name was Bankhead? Oh, then, there are some people here to meet you. You're an actress, aren't you? Yes, that's it. Bankhead. To be met by father and mother at port. Father a Congress man. Fine. Well, I dare say you'll be wanting to see them now, Miss—er—Miss Bankhead. Oh, by the way, you do know your parents by sight, I suppose? I mean, you do happen to have a mother and father? So often our distinguished compatriots are met by their parents and they just don't recognise each other. You know, lengthy separation, or rushed publicity, or something. Oh, well, as you do, then, that's O.K. Well, welcome to New York. Oh, of course, you've been here before? Well, welcome back, then! Good-bye, good-bye.

MISS B. (to *Steward*): Tell me, who was that rather darling little man? A Customs official?

STEWARD: Why, no, miss; that was the Mayor. Mayor Walker.

MISS B.: Good gracious! How too, too unbelievable. I always thought that was a joke about horses. I hope I didn't sound rude?

STEWARD: Oh, no, miss, I don't think so. In any case, it's kind of all in the day's work for the Mayor, isn't it?

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Bankhead.

MISS B.: Why, Mother! Father!

The scene changes to an hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Bankhead are waiting for their daughter.

MRS. B.: Of course, she is our own sweet child, but somehow, something, I don't know what it is——

MR. B.: Oh, you women always want your children to stay in the cradle. Tallulah's grown-up now. You can't always expect her to be in the bicycle and bloomers stage.

MRS. B.: Oh, I don't, I don't; but I am wondering what it is about her that is changed.

MR. B.: Aw, for heaven's sake lay off it. Of course, she's changed. Everything changes about a person every seven years, and I guess it's nearly twice that since we've seen her. There's been time for a double change.

MRS. B.: Yes, I know, but—— (*Enter Miss Bankhead.*)

MISS B.: Why, hello, darlings. And what were you finding wrong with me?

MR. B.: Your mother was just saying she thought you were changed.

MISS B.: Changed? Oh! (*From now on her voice grows huskier and huskier and huskier.*) Oh, well, it's some time since you've seen me. I must have changed. Grown English, maybe.

MRS. B.: Oh, no, it isn't English.

MISS B.: Well, let me help you. Is it my face, my hair? Don't tell me I've grown fat?

MRS. B.: No, it isn't that.

MR. B.: Oh, lay off this talk, can't you. You'll make the girl feel she's got off on Ellis Island by mistake.

MRS. B.: Talk! Talk! That's what it is! Her voice, her voice! It's your voice that's changed.

MISS B.: Oh, is that it; my voice? I thought I told you. I lost it in a London fog. It's the greatest find I've ever made.

RICHARD VINER.

BY HYNES

COUNSEL: "Where were you born?"
PRISONER: "Bolton"
COUNSEL: "Were you brought up there?"
PRISONER: "Often!"

THE POWER BEHIND THE LABOUR THRONE

An impression by Will Owen of Mr. Lloyd George in full oratorical blast

BY A. K. MACDONALD

SYLVAN FROLIC

The Fairy-folk are dancing in the dell
And Pan the Goat-god leads the merry rout.
Gay elfin figures flitting in and out
Among the trees have fallen 'neath the spell
Of music wild as fire and clear as bell,
Titania their Queen and all her Court
Will join her subjects in their sylvan sport
Till pearly Dawn soon sounds the frolic's knell.

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THE FOUR-IN-HAND TO

The Season would not be complete without its meets of the Coaching Club, and the sight of a four-horse-power coach bowling ever can or could do. Above is seen an impression of four-in-hands passing through the Park on

BY C. F. BAUER

TO THE FORE AGAIN

ach bowling briskly through Hyde Park awakes more admiration and interest than the sight of any forty-horse-power car the Park on their way to a meet at the Magazine, the favourite rendezvous of the Coaching Club

BY SOGATA

POOR PIERROT!

WILLS's
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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

FORGIVENESS

By URSULA BLOOM

LLOYD saw Stella first when she arrived at the Futurist ball. He had heard of her before, of course; all London had discussed her. She came into the room as he had expected, leaning on the arm of that unspeakable old roué, Lord Proham. She was young, twenty-five at the most, with a skin like gardenias, and hair goldly clinging in soft tendrils. The tranquil eyes which surveyed the whole room in mild surprise were large and gold. The moment that Lloyd saw her he felt that vivid beauty of hers fuse some spark of response within his being. He felt the flame of her burn into his own soul.

Lloyd was thirty-seven. He had been through innumerable London seasons, and had withstood the wiles of innumerable match-making mammas. People declared that he was impregnable as the walls of Troy. He was tantalisingly rich, and in every way supremely eligible. He knew everything that there was to know about himself, and he had delighted in his bachelorhood. A good table, argued Lloyd, who loved himself more than any man, nothing came up to a good table, not even a beautiful woman!

But that was before he saw Stella.

When she came into the ballroom on the arm of that unspeakable old roué, all Lloyd's previous theories snapped. She was different. Also he was incensed that she should be introduced into Society by such a man; a positively notorious man.

"Introduce me?" he demanded of Proham. "She's lovely!"

Proham preened himself. "She is rather exquisite," he said, and his pride in her was quite obviously the pride of possession.

"Where does she hail from?"

"The Riviera. I knew her mother, she was also a very beautiful woman. Stella married young and unhappily; mercifully for her he was killed in a car accident on the Grand Corniche. A dangerous road, that!" and he laughed lightly.

"Most," said Lloyd. He was trying to sweep from his mind the distressingly banal phrases of "comforting the widow," "first fellow on the spot," "but you can't live without love." He had known Proham before, seen his methods and understood how highly successful they were.

"I brought her back to England. She has a flat in Mayfair, quite tiny, but adequate."

Lloyd's eyes, coldly contemptuous, met Proham's across the glittering rim of a cocktail glass. "You found it for her?" he suggested.

"Of course."

Behind them came the drift of music from the ballroom. It was a mellow waltz, the sort of waltz that had been enjoyed before the War. There was nothing crashing and discordant about it, nothing harshly unkind. The music, in its even ripples, went to Lloyd's head. "Supposing you introduce me?" he suggested, and was ashamed that his heart should pound with an almost adolescent crescendo.

"Right!"

That was one point in Proham's favour, he was never selfish over women. When it had been the Lady Hermione Day he had been quite willing for others to bask in her beauty. Before that he had paraded the little Titian girl whom he found goodness knows where up North. He had taken the notice that she attracted as a personal compliment to himself. When he had succumbed to the attraction of a Botticelli milkmaid—he was diverse in his types—it had been the same thing. Either he imagined himself to be eminently secure, or he did not mind taking the risk. He called to Stella.

"Stella?"

She moved away from a little crowd to come towards them. She had grace. She walked as women have not learnt to walk nowadays, but as the Athenian women trod. Absurdly, for one who was past the first freshness of his spontaneous youth, Lloyd thought that she moved as would a flower if it could walk. The nearer you came to her the more ravishing she was. Her eyes held you. They surveyed you in unblinking goldness like the great cats stare from out their kingly, golden faces. He held out his hand.

They waltzed; he had guessed that she would dance well. Her programme was full, and as he tried to decipher the irregular pencilled marks he found the name of "Growler" repeated at frequent intervals. "Growler?" he queried

She laughed. "He is an entirely penniless Naval officer whom I knew when I lived on the Riviera. He was a friend of my husband's."

Lloyd felt that something was expected of him. He said a little sententiously, "It was a terrible accident. Dreadful for you to have been left alone so young. You must have suffered."

"I did." She waited a moment and then said, as though his presence had inspired her to confidence, "I ought to have been terribly sorry, but I couldn't be. Ours was one of those arranged French marriages, and we never cared as we should have done. He was wild. He had affairs with other women. I have always been rather reserved——"

In the awkward silence Lloyd wondered what she meant. He was thinking of her affair with Lord Proham. Was she so unsophisticated that she supposed that he did not understand it? Did she imagine that he did not attribute to it its proper relationship? She must imagine him to be very simple.

"Growler has been a darling," she said thoughtfully.

Lloyd cursed Growler. That was the worst of these lovely women with tranquil golden eyes. They were almost too lovely. They led men by the noses, and the men were such fools to be led. Growler, too! Well, well!

WHEN he went home that night to the flat in St. James's, to the warm mellow light flowing from under parchment shades on the dark leather of library shelves, he could not forget her. An obsequious valet was laying out his silken pyjamas before the fire. Lloyd noted it all, and yet at the same time he was noting her loveliness, her fairness. He was comparing it in banal manner to lilies and roses in the spring-sweet gardens of cottages. Yet there was something of the tiger lily about her! He did not quite gauge where. Without doubt she was a wonderful woman.

That night he dreamt foolish yet fond dreams. He walked into the sweet wild woods of wondering. If he married he would open up Langelwood, the country mansion which had been closed for some years now, since his father's death. He had the income. He had thought never to marry, but now he was not so sure. And instantly his thoughts revolved round Stella again. He could imagine old Lord Proham's face; how amusing that would be! His latest and loveliest snatched from under his very nose. On and on he went into the woods of

Illustrated by
LINDSAY CABLE

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wonder. He told himself that he would be magnanimous about her past. He would forgive her. "Darling," he would say, "I understand and I forgive!" Only a really great man could afford to speak like that, only a man sure of his footing. Growler and Proham would never come near the place again; that would be a necessary stipulation. Their names would not be mentioned, otherwise it would be as though they had never glittered into her life. Poor child! To him she seemed to be little more than a child. Perhaps she did not realise the wiles of men, and discovered their duplicity too late. But he would reform her. There is something exquisite to a certain type of man in taming the little wild thing, in reforming such a delicious sinner. He knew that he would succeed. Lloyd was a confirmed egotist.

They met again a few days later, due to excellent stage management on his part. It was at a cocktail party. Stella came to it in a chinchilla cloak. When she flung it wide there were pearls at her throat, a perfectly matched necklace of them. Their milky gleam held Lloyd fascinated.

"He gave them to me," she admitted naïvely, and indicated old Lord Proham, "it was my birthday."

Lloyd swallowed his disgust. "You need orchids to go with them," he suggested, "green orchids on chinchilla."

"I love them."

"Permit me to send you some?"

She laughed. "Would you? But aren't they terribly expensive?"

"I'm not poverty-stricken, you know." And to impress her he told her about Langelwood, and the estates in Ireland. There was most excellent salmon fishing to be got there. One day she must come. She would enjoy it. He regretted that she did not seem to be suitably impressed, for when Growler appeared she brightened considerably.

"I'm frightfully stupid," she told Lloyd. "When Lord Proham talks House of Lords, I wilt! When Growler discusses quarter-decks and gangways, I fade! And, frankly, I know nothing about Ireland, or fishing."

"What do you know about?" he asked, and leant a little nearer. "Love?" he queried huskily.

Her cheeks flushed from gardenia to azalea petals.

That night he sent her

"She moved away from the little crowd to come towards them. She had grace. She walked as women have not learnt to walk nowadays, but as the Athenian women trod"

orchids. To the silver-bound stalks he fastened his card, with the name of an exclusive club in its corner. Written across it, he added, "Stella, I may, mayn't I? " in his spidery writing. For now he had decided definitely and finally that he intended to marry her.

He sent her orchids every day, green ones and brown, and sometimes the more usual mauve blossoms. He went to see her in the flat, small, languorously appointed, swung high above Park Lane so that the sound of the traffic was no more than a soft, rather pleasant purring beneath it. Proham was there. Proham helping himself to cocktails as though the flat were entirely his own affair, which it probably was. He did not attempt to conceal the fact that it was his money that had paid for it. Soon that would all be changed, Lloyd decided. He had sent down instructions to Langelwood, arranging for them to start the repairs at once. There was a lot needing to be done and he hoped to be married before grouse shooting started.

Society talked about Stella and Proham. Of course it talked! Everywhere he heard the scandal; it eddied into little pools of shallow conversation. It flowed about London.

"Lovely girl old Proham has got hold of."

"Young enough to be his daughter. He always was a judge."

"Unsophisticated type."

"Don't you believe it, my dear. Did you see the pearls he gave her? That mite of a flat costs over a thousand a year. . She knows how many blue peas make seven——"

Lloyd's ears burnt. All this must be lived down. It should be lived down. He would give her his name, he would lift her up out of the morass into which she had plunged herself. "I forgive you everything, my dear, and we will never mention it again. Forgiven and forgotten . . . "

THERE was the night that he kissed her. They had been dancing and had come out for coolness on to the balcony of one of the houses in Carlton House Terrace. Below them stretched the park and to the left the great hoops of the Admiralty arches gleaming a little in the light. Cars flashed along like meteors, and the trees were etched darkly against the silver sky. There was the wine-like essence of heliotrope, wonderfully sweet about them. Stella stood before him, with her gardenia face and her widely golden eyes regarding him in tranquil loveliness. He kissed her, in a passionless way, on the cheek.

"Oh," she said, as though half hurt, "oh."

"I have felt for you like that," he said, filled by a sudden desire, "ever since the first moment that I met you."

"You mustn't," she whispered faintly. Her face was a blurred whiteness in the shadows. "Please, you mustn't say such things."

"I have a lot more things to say."

She gave a sigh as though afraid, and drew away from him. "Not to-night," she urged, "it is such a beautiful night; don't spoil it."

Thinking that over in his flat afterwards, he was not sure that he liked it. Such a beautiful night; don't spoil it! As if his love, the splendid and uplifting emotion that he offered, could spoil anything. Then he remembered that, of course, she would have to confess to him, and she did not understand that he was willing to forgive her everything. He was going to be very splendid about it; heroic! As yet she did not know that.

"Dine with me to-morrow night?" he asked her over the telephone when he got home that night.

"I don't know that I ought." She was reluctant. Her voice was thin, sleepy. Far away.

"I am sure you ought."

"You woke me up to ask me. I'm in bed," she announced.

"*Darling,*" he purred.

"Have you got them?" an operator enquired irritably.

"Yes, yes, of course. To-morrow night, then? Don't disappoint me. Eight o'clock at the Fleurette?"

"Oh, I say now, you oughtn't to suggest such things, you hadn't ought to, really——" giggled the operator's voice, no longer irritable.

He rang off in hot disgust.

These young women, what a tribe they were! What could you do with them? What could you say to them? He sent Stella a discreet little note verifying the engagement, and the next night he waited for her at the Fleurette.

The Fleurette had charm. It was select, supremely dis-

(Continued on page 362)

FILM NOTES

A Comedian to the Rescue

By Lionel Collier

The moment everyone has been waiting for, the unmasking of "The Ringer," in the film version of Edgar Wallace's play. Left to right: John Longden as Inspector Bliss, Patrick Curwen as Dr. Lomond, and Henry Hallett as Bliss's assistant

THE best play that Edgar Wallace has ever written is "The Ringer." Having seen a lot of this pen-wizard's outpourings I went with some misgivings to see what Walter Forde, the comedian-director, had done to it. Well, he has made one of the most successful British pictures of the year.

It is not only that he has assembled a strong cast, mainly recruited from the stage, but that he has given it a slickness and quickness of action which is far too frequently missing from the average English film. You are intrigued all the while, attracted by the vivid movement of the pictorial action.

THAT brilliant actor, Franklyn Dyall, films very well, and makes the shady solicitor of the play a strong personality. He, by the way, played the same part in the original stage play. No less successful is Patrick Curwen as Dr. Lomond—the Ringer himself in disguise.

Mr. Curwen has played the same part for two years on tour, and the polish he has achieved by these "rehearsals," for that is what they amount to when a stage artist is cast to play for the film, shows itself in the picture.

Gordon Harker scores an individual success as an old "lag," while John Longden does extremely well as a self-sufficient Scotland Yard man.

Gordon Harker scores an individual success in "The Ringer." Here he is seen denying all knowledge of a silver teapot found in his bag. On his left is John Longden and an imposing limb of the law

Franklyn Dyall as the criminal solicitor, Maurice Meister, and Carol Goodner as Cora Ann in the same picture, which is being given a special run at the Tivoli

IT seems strange, but apparently we still have to recruit our leading ladies from America. The part of Cora, the Ringer's lady, is played by Carol

(Continued on page 350)

LIL DAGOVER

The brilliant German screen actress, who has signed a contract with Warner Brothers to star in American films under their control. She has a strongly individualistic personality, and has been responsible for some really fine performances in the studios of her native land

FILM NOTES (*continued from page* 348)

Goodner, who came here about four years ago and has appeared in several stage plays. Undoubtedly she is good, and it would be impossible to belittle her performance. All the same, I feel very strongly that our actresses are not being given the chances they deserve.

There is an English girl in the cast, Dorothy Bartlam, who hails from Yorkshire, and she, too, gives a very finished performance as Mary Lenley, a part which does not allow for much individual merit.

Last week I remarked that film directors were of the utmost importance, even if their identity is concealed. Very often they make artists who without them would soon disappear into oblivion.

S

WALTER FORDE seems to me one of those men whose work is worth while following. I would advise anyone who is going to see a picture not to look only at the cast list, with its much-boosted star, but to see who directed. In this way you will get a much better indication of the entertainment value of the film you are going to see.

"The Ringer" is definitely Walter Forde's most successful effort, and it is well worth a visit during its run at the New Gallery.

S

IT seems that in America there is practically no distinction between crooks and journalists. That is the impression I got from "The Front Page," a picture which is now on at the Tivoli, and purports to be a satire on political graft and newspapers. As a sub-title announces, the action takes place in a "mythical kingdom" which no one will have much difficulty in recognising as Chicago—and perhaps that is mythical.

I confess to having liked it very much. It is so Rabelaisian in its humour, so obviously indicting the evils of its age and location.

We have the formerly immaculate Adolphe Menjou as an editor who is tougher in his ideas of how one should collect news than Al Capone is of how to collect "hooch."

S

IT seems to be a successful editor in Chicago you have to combine the qualities of gun-man, politician, and sensational newspaper stuntist. You have to realise that all the things that matter have to be in the first paragraph of your article because "who is going to read the second?"

There are lines left in the play which make one imagine that the Censor has occasionally an idea that films are not only for young girls fresh from school. The picture is certainly not for them.

S

WITH its rather grim setting of a Press room in a prison where a hanging is going to take place—a hanging that is being engineered by the mayor of the town in order to secure the negro vote, the intended victim having killed a coloured man—there is something that reminds one irresistibly of a Hogarthian print.

I see that some journalists have risen in their wrath and condemned the picture as a slur on their profession. It certainly bears no resemblance to anything that could happen here—as to Chicago, I do not pretend to know, but judging by what the papers print there it may be that "the mythical kingdom" is not far from the actual after all.

The acting throughout is excellent, and the atmosphere and accent are one hundred per cent. American. If there is one thing the Americans excel at it is in producing American plays. It is when they start to get universal and still preserve their same accent and atmosphere that they become annoying.

S

THERE is another new film at the Palace which is spoken in French, although it is a German production, and that is a screen version of "Fra Diavolo," Auber's celebrated operetta. This, too, is worth seeing, not only for its clever detail work and acting, which is flawless, but for the singing of Tino Pattiera as Diavolo.

Certainly there are artificialities, but there is a sophistication about the picture which kills the crudities. For instance, there is a certain bandit revolutionary character, Scaramanzia, admirably played by Armand Bernard.

S

IN one of his scenes he steals a diamond necklace from a Society lady. As he is admiring it his leader, Diavolo, sees him, and orders him to return it. "Dommage!" murmurs Scaramanzia. Diavolo determines to take the necklace back himself. He enters the lady's room and is seen by the owner, who mistakes his mission and rushes to his arms. He picks her up, carries her towards the bed, dropping the necklace on her table as he does so. He throws her on the bed—she closes her eyes—he meanwhile walks out. When she opens her eyes she murmurs, "Dommage!" Can you imagine what an American producer would have done with the same scene? L. C

Ruth Chatterton, one of America's foremost actresses, who has never been known to disappoint her public. She is appearing in a new picture at the Carlton, "The Right to Love." You have the right to love her even if you don't love the film

Adolphe Menjou (left) leaves his "exquisiteness" for a new rôle, that of a Chicago newspaper editor in the "Front Page," now at the Tivoli. It is a satire on American journalism. With him is Pat O'Brien, as a reporter

AN HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE ON THE FIRST OF MAY

It was then only that we were able to secure for those who had not yet visited The Dorchester, a few photographic impressions of the interior of London's most beautiful and most fashionable hotel. One hour later and the glimmering rays of the morning sun picked out the Flagstaff—the hotel came to life . . . . Parties were off riding in the Row, new visitors arrived.

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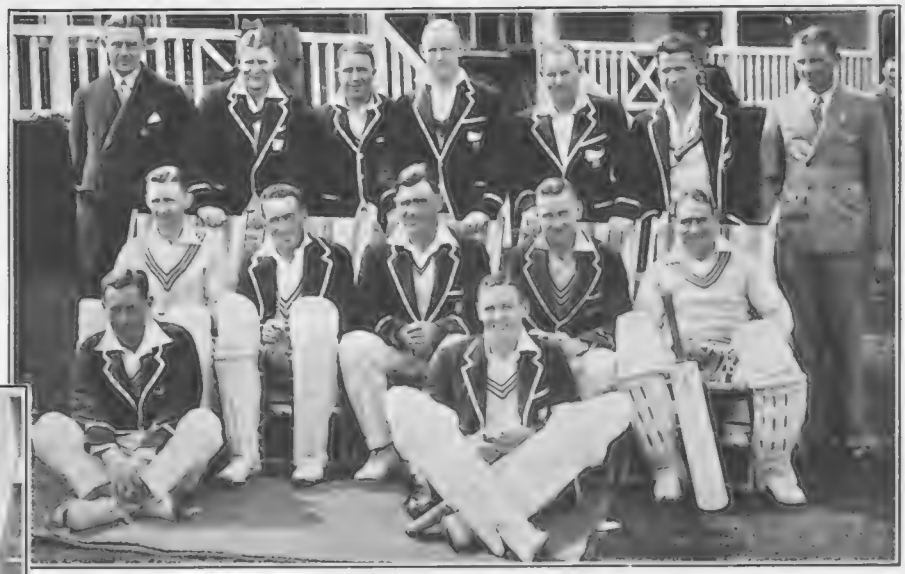
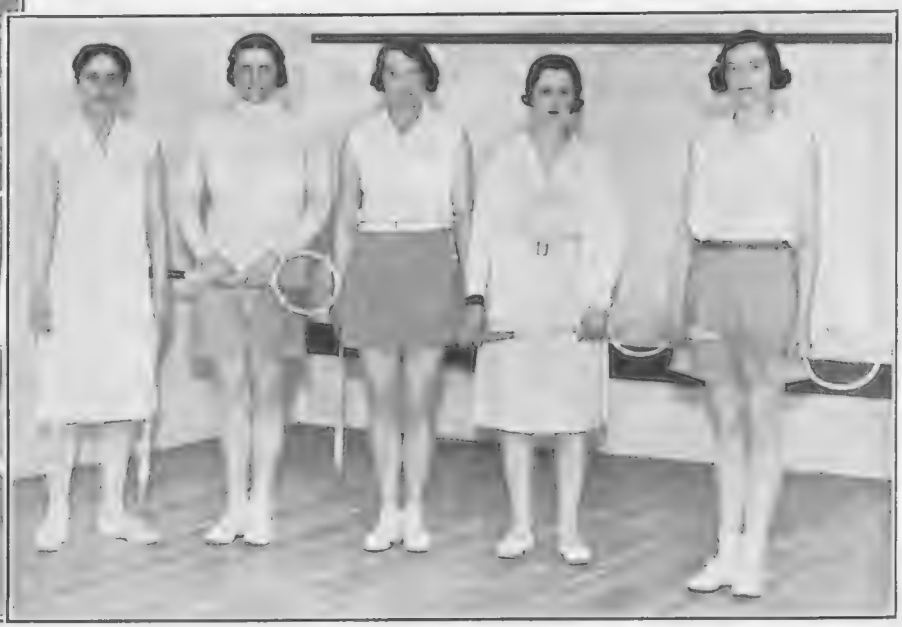
SPORTS CELEBRITIES OF THE HOUR

The New Zealand Test cricketers played their first match, a one-day "friendly" which served as a muscle-loosener after their long voyage, against the Maori Club at Worcester Park last week. The New Zealanders are seen batting



Right: The New Zealanders at Worcester Park. Seen above are, back row: I. B. Cromb (left), W. E. Kerr, K. C. James, R. O. Talbot, G. L. Weir, W. E. Merritt and A. M. Matheson. Second row: J. E. Mills (left), M. L. Page, T. C. Lowry (captain), C. F. W. Allcott and C. S. Dempster. On ground: R. C. Blunt and H. G. Vivian

Dr. P. D. B. Spence, the South African Davis Cup player, and Miss Betty Nuthall, who frequently play together in mixed doubles. It is rumoured that their engagement will be announced very shortly



The International Sportsmen's Club's ladies' team which competed in the Ladies' Squash Championships at Grosvenor House last week. Seen above are Mrs. J. Dove, Lady Bower-Smyth, Mrs. J. B. Pitman, the captain (the lawn tennis star who was formerly Miss Elsie Goldsack) Mrs. A. Wilson and Mrs. L. C. Frisby

DEWAR'S

'White Label' Whisky!

PARIS GOSSIP

Prince Gaëtan de Bourbon de Parme and Princess Marguerite de la Tour et Taxis after their wedding, which was attended by Royalty. They are seen leaving the Chapelle de l'Archévéché de Paris

AN EXHIBITION AND A WEDDING

By Sylvia Lyon

THE President of the Republic has had a busy week; he had to open the Salon, perhaps without regret, for it will be the last Salon he will have to open, and now he will never have to visit one again. There is no hope for the improvement of the Salons. There is hope, however, for the improvement of the Colonial Exhibition. The opening was not premature by accident; it was purposely so. With the new Presidential election on the thirteenth, Marshal Lyautey and Governor-General Olivier wanted to give President Doumergue this last official honour. The façades of the buildings are nearly complete, but it will require fully three weeks before the exhibits are installed. All we hope is that the three thousand orchids of the Philippine Islands do not fade, that the jazz band of American Red Indians do not get out of practice, that the French Colonial natives do not freeze, and that the imported cannibals do not become hungry.

FOR the wedding of S.A.R. Prince Gaëtan de Bourbon de Parme, the twenty-five-year-old son of S.A.R. the Duchesse de Parme, and youngest brother of the Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary, to S.A.S. Princesse Marguerite de la Tour et Taxis (also known as Thurn-und-Taxis), the youngest daughter of S.A.S. Prince Alexandre de la Tour et Taxis and S.A. Princesse Marie de Ligne, top-hats glistened, decorations bristled, the sun came out, and so did the Almanach de Gotha and the police. And time made a triple back-somersault to 1774, 1824, and 1918. . . . The police, however, had nothing to do except to chat with the chauffeurs of the motor cars that lined the Rue Barbet de Jouy, the quiet backwater of the heart of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ceremony took place in the official residence of Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris.

THE Salle de Réunion had been transformed into a chapel with accommodation for one hundred and twenty-five people, all of whom did not find places. The room was filled with white hydrangeas and lilies, and a tapestry bearing the Royal arms was hung over the altar. The red-robed Cardinal crossed the courtyard attended by two Bishops, and awaited at the door of the sanctuary the arrival of Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary, who took her place on a raised red-velvet prie-dieu facing that of the Cardinal, while at the left-hand side of the altar, facing the assembly, were the Baron Gaiffier d'Hestroy, the Belgian Ambassador, and M. Norfoff, the Bulgarian Minister, representing their sovereigns.

THE bride, who wore a white satin gown just touching the ground, with the skirt cut en forme, and covered with a veil and long train of point d'Angleterre, entered on the arm of her father, while the bridegroom escorted his mother, followed by S.A.R. Don Jaime, the Duc de Madrid (the son of Don Carlos), also the bridegroom's witness, with S.A.R. the Princesse Sixte de Bourbon de Parme, née Hedwige de la Rochefoucauld, the daughter of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, S.A. the Prince de Ligne, with the Princesse Marie de Ligne, the bride's mother, who was separated from her husband some years ago and has resumed her family name, and at whose ancestral home in Belgium, Belœil, the marvellous tenth-century feudal castle near Mons, the bride was born.

THE Cardinal preached the sermon, recalling the history of the two families, and said to Prince Gaëtan, "Your family made France," which I thought a rather awesome detail to remind a young man, besides having the Mass said by the abbé who had been his tutor! A reception was held in the salons of the Archbishopric, guests being Marshal Lyautey and his wife, Princesse Charles de Ligne, Princes and Princesses Henri and Albert de Ligne, Princesse Reginald de Croy, Princes and Princesses Henri, Leopold, and Etienne de Croy, the Duchesse d'Arenberg, Princesse Ernest d'Arenberg, the Duchesse d'Harcourt, the Duc and Duchesse de Bisaccia and their son, Comte Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld, the Comte and Comtesse de Mailly-Nesle (Carmen de la Rochefoucauld), the Duc de Luynes, the Duc and Duchesse de Noailles, the Duchesse d'Ayen, the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Duc and Duchesse de Doudeauville, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Rochefoucauld (née Princesse de la Trémoïlle), the Duc and Duchesse de Mortemart, Comte and Comtesse Jean de Castellane, Comte and Comtesse Stanislas de Castellane, Comte Hector de Béarn, who is aide-de-camp to Prince Sixte de Bourbon, and the Comtesse, the Duc de Fezenzac, etc.

And, may I add, dear readers, that just one symbol of tradition was broken, just one item of protocol was disarranged, one factor of dynastic spectacle destroyed, as if by revolution: the Princesse Sixte de Bourbon de Parme, one of the Royal guests, was very pretty, very smart, and has a beautiful figure. . . .

RUMOURS of engagements, to be blamed on the spring, poetic licence, and authoritative information: the Infanta Marie-Cristine, younger daughter of the King and Queen of Spain, will shortly announce her engagement to Don Alfonso de Bourbon, son of the Infanta Beatrice, grandson of the Infanta Eulalie, and nephew of Queen Marie of Roumania and the Grand Duchesse Cyril of Russia. . . . Comte Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld went dancing the other night at Florence's after a party at the house of his aunt, the Princesse de Polignac, with a smart, young, and attractive widow; it is said he will announce the engagement to the smart, young, and attractive widow as soon as his divorce from Alice Cocea is made final.

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GOLF GOSSIP

The Question of Clothes — By "Taffy"

C. A. Whitcombe (Crews Hill), the Ryder Cup team captain, driving off from the first tee at Brockenhurst Manor Golf Club. The photograph was taken during the 36-hole stroke competition for our Ryder Cup players

Vaughan

MISS ELEANOR HELME

Whose entertaining new book, "After the Ball," is now on sale. It should prove a welcome addition to every golfer's library

THE bad weather lately has no doubt made many golfers ponder as to the best kit to wear. At one time "Plus Fours" seemed just the thing for the nether regions, but in warm weather they are apt to be hot, and one sees far fewer golfers wearing this garment, and very many favour flannel bags, which allow a great deal of freedom of movement, and are warm in winter, yet, curiously enough, cool in summer. Worn with a pull-over (plus a suède or suède-like jacket on very cold days) this seemed an excellent combination until my experience of Sunday. Although armed with a large umbrella, I found my shoulders got very wet, worst of all, my legs from the knee down were saturated. With plus-fours one could at least put on another pair of stockings and feel fairly comfortable, but if wearing long trousers dry socks and shoes are soon soaked from contact with the wet trousers.

* * *

ONE player I passed wore waterproof coverings over his legs reaching to the thighs, but one cannot always be so prepared. Perhaps the solution is to be found in a new-fangled garment I saw about a year ago, and which I expected would be hailed with joy; this was a pair of elongated "shorts" cut very full, falling well below the knee, with the material turned up in such a way as to give the appearance of "plus-fours"; they were, I was told, delightfully cool in the warm weather, and by the addition of a sort of storm-cuff arrangement, such as one uses in the sleeves of motoring coats, could be made as warm as "plus-fours." In a showerproof material, together with the protection of an umbrella, which is now part of the kit of most golfers, these should prove ideal provided a dry pair of shoes and stockings are in reserve; incidentally, I see the new golf bags are being made with a pocket big enough to take an extra pair of shoes.

* * *

THE latest steel-grey shirts in thin flannel, with a pullover of the same shade, and flannel trousers, look extremely well and are exceedingly comfortable to play in. If a shirt of thinner material be substituted, no better outfit could be found for warm weather.

* * *

THE fair sex seem to be far better catered for than mere man; quite a number of well-thought-out, practical, yet attractive-looking rain- or showerproof golf suits are advertised by sports houses and stores.

* * *

AFTER all, except in the wet weather, what does it matter what one wears. Judging by his photos, L. G. Crawley does not pay much attention to the cut of his "plus-fours"; some of the best golfers I have seen wear clothes which no self-respecting old clothes dealer would deign to look at. Ten years ago I was taken to the secretary's office by the captain of my home club and quietly but firmly informed that I must not play in "that woollen thing, you look like a navvy; for heaven's sake, wear a coat with it!" That "woollen thing" was a new pullover of which I was inordinately proud.

* * *

IS it true that there is a kleptomaniac amongst the ranks of the women golfers whose names one sees figuring in most big events? I hear that money and trinkets have been missed from their dressing-rooms at a number of meetings.

* * *

THE American golf invasion starts at Southport with the £1,575 tournament. Five entries have been received from "across the herring-pond"—Horton Smith, considered the most promising of the young school; Joe Turnesa; Joe Kirkwood, known for his exhibition of trick shots; Willie Hunter, and Tony Manero. Little Jose Jurado and Thomas Genta are amongst the five who have arrived from the Argentine.

* * *

GOLFERS let down by their prospective partners need no longer sulk in the 19th hole; they may hie them to the Nineteenth Club, where, so Leonard Gullick tells me, they make a point of taking pity upon the man or woman who, thirsting for a game, finds all his friends have "dates." It is a very rare thing indeed for them to fail to turn out a complete golfer on such an occasion.

* * *

OPENED on February 19 by a small band of golf enthusiasts, amongst whom were Captain Woolf Barnato, Dale Bourne, Major C. H. Hezlet, Major Gerald Aylmer, Rex Hartley and Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, it now has a membership of some few hundreds. The club-house is excellent in every respect, and is obviously appreciated. The recently elected members include Diana Fishwick, Lady Lathom, Bernard Drew and Douglas Fish.

* * *

MISS ELEANOR HELME describes her book, "After the Ball," as "an entirely frivolous chronicle of twenty-three years good fun," and she dedicates it to "All light-hearted golfers, good or bad." I find it most interesting, bringing back many happy memories of the courses of which she writes.

* * *

THE chapter on Ladies v. Men, or, as she describes it, "the taming of the shrew," is extraordinarily witty. How she gloats over the fair sex's victory in 1928, and later talks of Mlle. de la Chaume's three scalps—Major Hezlet, Mr. Wethered and Mr. Murray.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Mr. Richard Aldington, the author of "Death of a Hero," visiting the Temple of Paestrum, near Naples, with Mr. Thomas Grievy, the Irish poet. "The Colonel's Daughter," Mr. Aldington's latest novel, published by Chatto and Windus, has had the distinction of being banned from the libraries of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., although other libraries have accepted it

YOUTH, GREECE, and the HIGHLANDS

By "JUNIUS"

I CANNOT remember reading a book of memoirs so impersonal in tone as *Mock Turtle* (Toulmin: 7*s.* 6*d.*), edited by Barnaby Brook. They are supposed to be written from the notes of a Victorian gentleman who had the "good fortune to be born into a North Country family which, by the astuteness of two successive generations, combined the advantages arising from the ownership of land and the participation in the early years of the industrial transformation," gained a prominent position. This statement notwithstanding, the book gives you the impression of a general gleaning of many books of memoirs. And some of the stories are hopelessly wrong.

The famous one of King Edward and Mrs. George Keppel at Bridge, for instance. The Victorian gentleman says that when King Edward once declared no trumps, Mrs. Keppel, his partner, had to play the hand. When the King's cards were laid down there was not a single trick. He makes Mrs. Keppel say: "God save the King and preserve Mrs. Keppel." This is wrong. What Mrs. Keppel said was: "The King can do no wrong, but God help poor Alice." Such a pity to mangle real wit.

I'VE been fascinated by *Unveiled* (Geoffrey Bles: 16*s.*), by Selma Ekrem. It is the autobiography of a Turkish girl whose father was private secretary to the Sultan Abdul Hamid—"Abdul the Damned"—and later Governor of Jerusalem. It tells you all about an unknown world and an unknown society in the Turkey before the Balkan War, down to these days, with all the changes brought to Constantinople by the Great War. The description of her father's governorship of Jerusalem and the endless strife between the rival sects of Christians gives one a vivid idea of what our own people in office out there have to contend with. I recommend you to read this book. There are so many happenings in it of which we knew nothing in this country.

YOU would think there is nothing fresh to be said about the Highlands. But if you read *Highlands, Highways and Heroes* (Grant: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by D. C. Cuthbertson, you will see you are mistaken. Mr. Cuthbertson takes you wandering "All by hollows, twists and hillocks," and as you go with him he tells you forgotten histories of places and people; talks about birds, flowers and cattle so learnedly and interestingly that you feel you are actually seeing them. A joyous book, this, for those who love tramping and the open air. If anyone is thinking of a motor trip in the Highlands they ought to take this book with them, only I expect they will be lured by Mr. Cuthbertson to leave their car in a garage for days together, and go with him into the happy places he describes where motors are unknown.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that a convention is spreading amongst authors concerning the younger generation as rigid as that which created the "bold, bad baronet," and the fainting, clinging heroine in the mid-Victorian novels. Mr. Michael Arlen created an entirely non-existent type supposed to be resident in and about Mayfair. But the type was amusing. Whatever book you take up which deals with young people nowadays strikes the same note of utter irresponsibility—that is where the convention begins. Then it goes on to sex and drink.

MR. D. C. CUTHBERTSON

The author of that entertaining book, "Highlands, Highways, and Heroes." It is reviewed by "Junius" this week

Mr. G. A. Ellis has followed the convention closely in *Outside Eden* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), the jacket of which, by the way, is so au naturel that careful mothers will tear it to tatters, and careful fathers will hide it under the sofa cushion. The book is described as a "gay and refreshing story of young people." Personally, I find them all rather tiresome except at odd moments, and all on the modern novelist's conventional pattern. I don't know whether young men go and stay with young women in their flats, and there's "nothing in it," but according to Mr. Ellis they do. Mr. Ellis's characters all respect the marriage law, but one is surprised that the publishers should have passed the last page.

LORD DUNSANY has discovered another Baron Munchausen and has put him into *The Travel Talks of Mr. Joseph Jorkens* (Putnam, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr.

(Continued on page 362)

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LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 360*)

Jorkens is a "lovely liar," but he tells engrossingly interesting stories at his club. There are thirteen of these stories, and it is difficult to say which is the most amusing in its invention. But I think for sheer Munchausen "The Tale of the Abu Laheeb" takes the palm—a mysterious beast which delights in playing with fire. How versatile Lord Dunsany is! Books and plays of poetic imagination; books and plays of everyday reality; and now Mr. Joseph Jorkens—really a big creation.

I EXPECT a good many people will find Mr. Richard Aldington's new novel, *The Colonel's Daughter* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.*), irritating. There's so much that is excellent in it; you are moved by the tragedy of poor Georgie Smithers, the Colonel's daughter—one of the "superfluous" women—but the author's attitude to life has swept away from him all sense of proportion. According to him our whole social system is based upon shams and hypocrisies. In driving this opinion home, time after time, he pushes his brilliantly drawn characters—the scandal-mongering Mrs. Eastcourt is drawn with a touch of genius—off the stage altogether, making them puppets to voice his diatribes against the social code. For myself, I can't see what Mr. Aldington wants. If it is a world all upside down he has spoilt a good story by perpetually railing at things as they are. This is a pity, because he could have said it much more effectively in a nice little Socialistic or Communist pamphlet.

Miss Margery Lawrence, whose new book, "Snapdragon," makes its appearance this month. She is seen at the bathing pool at Turnberry, where she and her husband, Mr. Arthur Towle, have been taking a golfing holiday

IT is interesting to see how one after the other writers are turning to the Victorian period as a setting and background for their stories. Now Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt goes back to the late eighteen-sixties for the atmosphere of *Evening Light* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The story is told chiefly by Susan Rivarol's letters. The book is difficult to describe because there is little incident. But the character of Susan Rivarol grows clearer and clearer as you read her letters and share her revolt against the conventions which bound the women of her time. Mr. de Sélincourt has drawn a beautiful portrait of a splendid woman. This is one of the best things he has done.

IF you like historical novels you should read *By Whose Authority?* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Oliver Madox Hueffer. It is all about New York in the reign of William III, with most exciting adventures by sea. The hero, Sir Rafe Gardiner, is kidnapped on board the famous pirate Captain Kidd's vessel, and goes through some stirring times admirably described. "JUNIUS."

FORGIVENESS (*continued from page 347*)

creet. Its tables were curtained into corners, each aloof from the others. Sott cyclamen pink velvet draped round them. There was gentle music, too, not disturbingly close, and the orchids that he had ordered on the table were brown, spotted like snakes.

He waited till they came to the coffee, for this was the supreme moment of his life. He lifted a liqueur glass, in which lay a thimbleful of liquid, gold as her eyes, and looked across to her appreciatively.

"I want you to marry me," he said quietly.

There eyes met across the table. Stella's eyes, like still gold pools above the writhing petals of brown orchids.

"You?" she began.

"Be calm, my dear. I know that it must disturb you. I have never asked any other woman. I never thought there could be any woman, but then I met you. I made up my mind. You will marry me?"

"I can't," she said, limply.

He had expected this. Of course she couldn't. She dare not explain because she believed that he would be so furiously angry. He leant across the table and took her hands in his. "You think I am so misunderstanding?" he asked. "You are wrong. I know all about it."

"You know?" she asked incredulously, her eyes wide.

"My dear, I am afraid everybody knows."

"But I thought——"

"Society has known Lord Proham for years, for many, many years, and he has always had affairs. From the first I have known exactly how matters stood between you. Despite all this, Stella, I am willing to forgive. I am making a big sacrifice for a man in my position to marry a woman about whom scandal has stirred, but I am prepared to be broad-minded. Proham's name shall never be spoken between us again. I am prepared to forgive—everything."

SHE set down her glass carefully beside the fronds of fern, and the brown orchids. She lit a cigarette, without hurry. She turned to him deliberately. "What exactly do you know?" she asked.

He was a little shocked that she should challenge him. "I know," he said coldly, "of your affair with Proham. My poor misguided child, I fear you are not the first."

"You mean," she asked simply, "that you believe we are living together? And you are willing to forgive me?" she enquired, and it seemed that the gold, tranquil eyes mocked him.

"I am prepared to forgive you and never mention this again."

She said slowly, "And what if you are wrong?"

"I am not wrong," he assured her gravely.

"Not?" She laughed a little, then she began quite deliberately: "He happens to be my father. He and mother were never married. She was one of his affairs, if you like to put it that way. He came to me when my husband was killed, and out of his goodness he provided for me. It was his right. It is always a father's right."

LLOYD was conscious of a sick feeling gnawing at his stomach. His eyes became mesmerised by hers. For the first time he saw her as merely an ordinarily lovely woman, for the halo had been torn from her head. The halo that had attracted him had lain in the forgiveness. He could see that now.

"There is nothing to forgive, nothing to be sanctimonious about, and so you will not want me?" she suggested, and her lips twitched as though with faint amusement.

"It was a natural conclusion," he said coldly, "there was nothing to laugh at. Proham has done it before, and everybody thought the same thing."

"Everybody," she flashed, "is not the man who is in love with you. He should believe you to be immune from any such happening."

Lloyd fidgeted with the silver spoon on the pale green pool of a coffee saucer. Her eyes were remorseless. He saw now how she had reminded him of tiger lilies. His mind rotating in circles wondered if he could countermand the repairs at Langelwood? Had they started already?

"I am going to marry Growler," she said.

"He has nothing at all," commented Lloyd, "I'm rich."

"And forgiving?" she suggested, and the gold eyes laughed. She motioned to the waiter for her cloak, exquisite softness of summer ermine, lavishly trimmed.

"Anyway, he cannot afford cloaks like that," said Lloyd grimly. It was not that she interested him any longer. It was mere pique. He would get over it.

"We have had such a pleasant dinner," she commented, "thank you so much. And now that we understand each other better, for my part all is forgiven and forgotten."

He felt his mouth dry; all was not as it should be.

She turned with a smile and left him with the grey ash from his cigarette scattered like stained snow on the brown petals of the orchids.

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FLYING NOTES

MORE FACTS WANTED ABOUT ACCIDENTS

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The late Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn, the brilliant airman who won the Schneider Trophy for Great Britain in 1929. His death from injuries sustained when his two-seater 'plane crashed near Farnborough last week is a severe blow to the Service

Official Hush-Hush Policy Doing Harm

IT is unfortunate that flying accidents occupy so much space in the daily Press to the exclusion of news about records of safety. The policy of the Air Ministry in hushing up the causes of accidents in the past has created an atmosphere of mystery about flying and led the public to believe that unknown forces are ranged against those who venture into the air. As a matter of fact, forced landings on civil machines are extremely rare, and unless an inexperienced pilot is caught out in bad weather, they are seldom attended by serious results. The British system of inspection is so strict that machines which have been properly maintained do not break up in the air, nor do engines fail unless their fuel supply gives out. Flight-Lieut. Waghorn was carrying out what one might call a test to destruction with a military machine as part of his duty as an Air Force officer when the accident occurred which cost him his life. The Service loses a brilliant pilot and a very gallant man.

Silence Starts Scares

IT would be much fairer to pilots, engineers and designers if an official explanation could be given in simple language regarding all accidents. This would promote confidence on the part of the public, and assist those firms turning out the best machines.

On Taking Precautions

THE case of Commander Glen Kidston and Captain Gladstone is rather different. They were flying in bad weather over unfamiliar country, and when crossing the highest mountains in South Africa met a very severe storm which reduced visibility to nothing. Pilots with less courage or greater experience of the country itself might have turned back, and the tragedy is all the greater on this account. Long-distance flights by comparative novices have proved that flying is not dangerous provided that normal precautions are taken. Glen Kidston was taking a big chance in crossing the Drakensburg mountains without relying entirely on his instruments. Risks in the air are steadily decreasing, and in years to come flying will be the safest means of transport for the very simple reasons that aeroplanes have almost unlimited space and three dimensions in which to operate. It cannot be emphasised too often that over-confidence is the thing to be guarded against when learning to fly. No pilot can consider himself fully trained for all emergencies until he has put in one hundred hours in the air, and has satisfied his instructor that he can bring off a forced landing successfully and fly on instruments alone. This is not to say that one cannot potter about England or on the Continent in safety without being a brilliant pilot, because hundreds of people have proved this to be incorrect.

Capt. Neville Stack and Mr. J. R. Chaplin overhauling the Vickers Napier machine in readiness for their flight to Australia and back. It was in this machine that they made a record to Constantinople and back

At Heston and Brooklands

FOR the Whitsun Continental tour from Heston, starting on the 23rd of this month, more than twelve machines have been entered. The route lies entirely through France, visits being paid to Rheims, Lyons, Nîmes, Hyères, Carcassonne and Tours, amongst others. The Easter cruise was spoilt to a certain extent by bad weather, but the coming one traverses country where blue skies can be expected all the time. Incidentally, the new aerodrome at Cannes is about 2½ miles west of the town and close to the racecourse. One can see more varied activity in the air at Brooklands than at any other civil aerodrome. In addition to the School for instruction and the Club for qualified pilots, there are the Vickers and Hawker factories, both of which turn out high-speed service types which are usually to be seen undergoing tests. The Vickers-Napier long-distance mail carrier, on which Captain Stack flew to Constantinople and back, taking only a day each way, went through all its tests at Brooklands, and the Bellanca monoplane flown from Italy for Major Cotton's use in Greenland was also tested over the track and fitted with skis for its Arctic venture.

An Original Competition

ON June 6 the Brooklands School has an Air Pageant, during which an original competition will be staged on the same lines as the car rallys at Continental resorts, when prizes are given for the most elegant entry. Those who associate aeroplanes with oil and the smell of petrol should make a point of attending this meeting. The colour scheme of the private owner's machine is much more daring than that of his car, and the seating comfort with interior fittings compare most favourably with luxurious vehicles for travel on land. The efforts of designers to increase speed result also in good lines and an attractive appearance.

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A LOVELY COURT GOWN

Snow-white satin phosphora has been used for its fashioning, it is discreetly enriched with diamanté and gives to the figure the much-to-be-desired graceful outline. The Court train is of velvet lined with silver tissue. It was designed and carried out by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

EVENING DRESSES, TENNIS FROCKS AND WRAPS

Mimosa-tinted crêpe de Chine makes this lovely evening frock from Richard Sands and Co. The scheme is completed with a velvet cape, which may be arranged in a variety of ways

British Art and Fashion

MANY women visit the Royal Academy to glean dress hints, and this year they will discover many valuable suggestions. The Duchess of York wears a charming pink satin dress with a tulle background, and in her hand there is a black fan. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, is painted in a riding habit with perfectly tied stock; all women who ride will wish that they might wear an outfit that fits like hers. It is, I believe, the first time that Princess Elizabeth of York has been painted or photographed in riding kit. She is here seen in jodhpurs and sweater.

After the Game

MISS DIANA FISHWICK, the lady champion, 1930, is painted in a very becoming ensemble for "after the game." Her beret and short coat are of a deep blue shade; the sides of the coat fall slightly apart, revealing a folded muffler; her sac wrist gloves are of pale yellow chamois leather, and she carries a golf club. It is only those who have a perfect figure who could look well in the crimson velvet coat and skirt worn by the Hon. Mrs. James Beck; the latter is quite plain, while the former is short. The basque has a decided flare; it is outlined with sable to match her muff; the black hat is slightly raised from the forehead by a twist of ribbon.

Important Accessories

AS the short coat and shoulder-wrap of all kinds are extremely modish just now, it is good news that there are many versions of the same at the Academy. In many instances they introduce a telling touch of colour. The frocks worn by women who like the picturesque style of dress will be of interest to the bride when she is engaged in the pleasurable occupation of choosing frocks for her bridesmaids.

Alliance of Velvet and Crêpe de Chine

DISAPPOINTMENT never awaits those in quest of something that is different, nevertheless fashionable, in the salons of Richard Sands and Co., Sloane Street, S.W.1. To this firm must be given the credit of the evening dress pictured on the left of this page. The fabricating medium is a lovely shade of mimosa crêpe de Chine. The slanting tucks over the hips are particularly becoming, and then, when one anticipates a bustle, soft draperies appear. Note the sculptured folds that occupy the lower part of the skirt. The cape, which is a separate affair, is of ring velvet, and in these days when pounds, shillings and pence are important, it must be stated that the dress and cape together are only 18½ guineas; the frock robbed of its partner is 15 guineas.

Tennis Frocks

THE tennis frocks created by Richard Sands and Co. have passed the censorship of many of the leading professional and amateur players. This season they are responsible for a model that is innocent of pleats; there is a wonderfully cut flare, and, as a consequence, the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Another strong point in its favour is that it is easy to wash. In silk piqué it is 2½ guineas, in Sil Rexafine 3 guineas, and in stockinette 3½ guineas.

Practical Tennis Coats

THE question of wrap-coats for slipping on after tennis or other games needs immediate attention. The model pictured on the right of this page owes its origin to Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W. It is built of white camel-hair fleece, with insets of black nappa leather on the collar, cuffs and belt; half lined with Japanese silk it is 10 guineas.

This becoming coat, destined to be worn after tennis or other games, comes from Kenneth Durward. It is made of white camel fleece relieved with touches of black nappa

MOTOR NOTES

COMMON SENSE AND SAFETY

BY E. M. WRIGHT

Jack Hobbs, the Surrey and all-England cricketer, with his new 20 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam with coachbuilt saloon body. He previously owned a 16 h.p. Sunbeam with Weymann saloon coachwork, both cars having been supplied through Messrs. C. R. Andrews (Motors), Ltd., 50, Berkeley Street, W.1

EVERY sane motorist deplores the appalling toll of accidents that motoring has brought in its train. It is in no partisan spirit, however, that I complain against the one-sidedness of the recent Safety Week campaign. It is "motorists must do this," "motorists must do that," ad nauseam. It might be thought that we alone, in the eyes of the public, are responsible for every death on the road, even though the victim be a suicide who plunges beneath the wheels of a 'bus! I have no desire whatever to whitewash the average motorist. Frequently he is a fool, occasionally he is a reckless fool. He is, nevertheless, no better and no worse than his fellow men. He is not solely responsible for the safety of the road. He shares his responsibility with every other road user, and year by year, as traffic grows denser, that responsibility grows heavier. Pedestrians, cyclists, and the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles must learn and obey the laws of road safety with the punctilio that is universally demanded of motorists.

* *
*

ROAD safety is compounded of many elements, and all must be taken into consideration. Be a motorist never so careful, he cannot avoid an accident if, for example, his brakes should fail to act, or if another car should dart from a side turning straight across his bows. Equally, the most perfectly adjusted car on a wide open by-pass road with no hidden turnings is a menace to life and limb if it happens to be driven by a drunkard. And again, as every motorist knows, the safety of a road depends to a very large extent on what type of road it is. Certain roads are grimly notorious for their heavy quota of accidents. Merely to preach "safety first" is not enough. We must act as well as talk. The opening-up of a blind corner, or the easing of a dangerous bend, will of itself save many lives. Thus our road-makers and road-menders have their share of responsibility for safety on the road.

* *
*

THE law which punishes dangerous and even careless driving with unexampled severity is itself responsible for much of that dangerous driving, for it is a jumble of ancient rights and privileges and of contradictory and illogical provisions. Legally, for example, all traffic has equal rights. A car emerging from a country lane on to a by-pass is not legally bound to give way to other traffic, yet many a smash on a cross-roads would be avoided if there were some simple rule giving, as in France, the right of way to main-road traffic. Our Highway Code *advises* on this matter, but it does not compel. In France they order these things better. The Code de la Route does not advise, it commands main-road priority, and the result is that high speeds may be maintained on these main roads without risk of accidents.

* *
*

THE police are always inventing petty crimes with which to trip up unwary motorists, but many offenders against safety and common sense may still escape scot-free. It is an offence to drive on the wrong side of the road, but the man who potters along at a reckless 15 to 20 m.p.h. plumb in the centre of a narrow road and thereby forces overtaking cars to pull out on to the wrong side of the road is looked upon by magistrates and police alike as a model of caution. He is often a more serious menace than the out-and-out speed hog. Again, a taxi-driver may negligently wave his arm in a manner that indicates to the uninitiated that he is about to turn to the right, but he commits no crime if he swings to the left or stops dead and immediately reverses. Unreliable and frequently definitely misleading traffic signals are sometimes morally, if not legally, as dangerous as slight drunkenness, but there is no law by which offences of this kind may be punished.

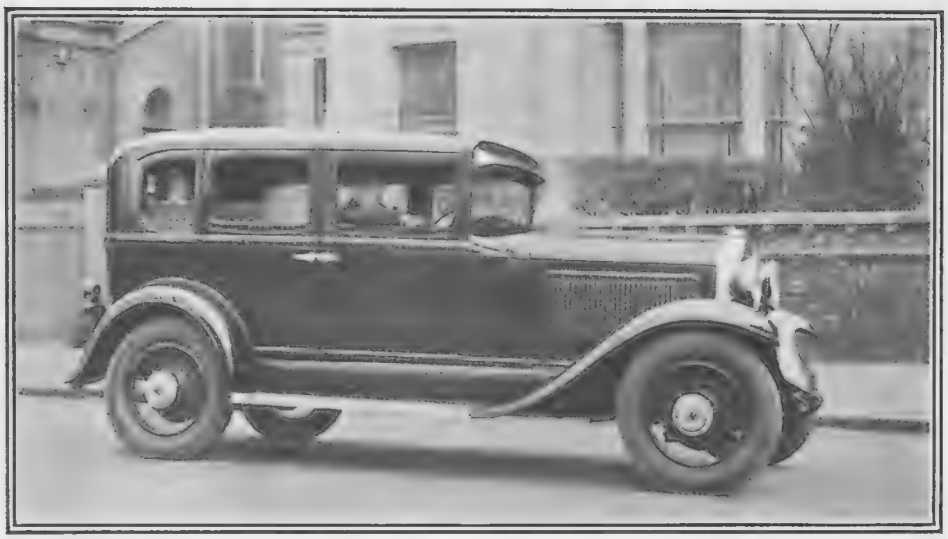
* *
*

A NOISY section of the community still maintains the ancient "right" of the pedestrian to go where he pleases. Is it not always said that in Paris it is a crime to be run over? Would that it were in London! I sometimes feel as if it would do good in the end if one day I were to start a man-hunt up

ANCIENT AND MODERN

The entrance to the Old Bell at Hurley, the famous Thames-side hostelry built in 1165. The car seen in the foreground is a six-cylinder Triumph "Scorpion"

MOTOR NOTES (continued)



Mr. Charles D. Clayton, the well-known publicist responsible for the publicity of the annual Motor Show. He is seen at the wheel of his Willys-Knight Sleeve Valve Six Saloon

and down the streets. I should go with the heaviest lorry I could find, tracking down and killing every jay-walker, day-dreamer, and imbecile who stepped off the pavement without looking where he was going.

***

To a very considerable extent road safety depends upon the condition of the vehicle. How many accidents, I wonder, would have been averted by, say, a timely adjustment of the brakes? There are, indeed, thousands of cars on the roads to-day which are a real source of danger to their occupants as well as to road users. We do not yet appreciate how revolutionary are the changes motoring has brought about. Our by-pass roads, our robot signalling systems, our motor laws, and our Highway Codes are all of them experiments. The roads are dangerous now because they have not altered their character since pre-motoring days. He who can cure the traffic problem will at a stroke save thousands of lives. He who can build a really non-skid road will eliminate one of the most prolific causes of accidents. The fact that accidents are so frequent is *not* proof that motoring is inherently dangerous. It is rather a terrible reminder of how little we have progressed. Safety is a matter partly of training, but also very largely of circumstances.

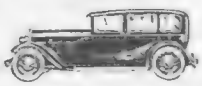
IN THE NEWS

A New Baby Saloon

Even in baby cars a distinction is drawn between the utility car and the luxury car. In the latter class is the Triumph Super Seven. It costs somewhat more than the cheapest utility car, but on the other hand it possesses in miniature every feature of a large luxury vehicle of twice or three times its size and costing many times its price. A new Super Seven saloon, which the Triumph people have just introduced, sells for £159 10s. One refinement which is unusual in cars of this class is the installation of Lockheed hydraulic brakes. Two wide doors allow easy access to both compartments. Wells sunk in the rear floorboards give ample legroom, so that four people can be carried in comfort. The equipment includes finger-tip control, dip and switch head lamps, concealed dashboard lighting and a safety-glass opening screen. The front seats are of the folding bucket type, and are independently adjustable. The rear quarter lights can be opened, and there is also a roof ventilator.

Open Sesame!

The Manager of the new Dorchester Hotel, I learn, was the lucky winner of an altogether novel competition organised by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., a short time ago. At the Orchard Street showrooms of this well-known firm of motor car distributors Sir Herbert Austin locked a Baby Austin saloon with a special key, which was afterwards mixed with 40,000 others and posted to 40,000 of this company's clients. E. M. W.



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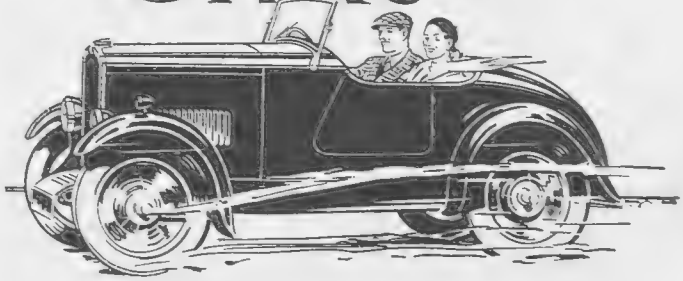

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DOGS

WOMEN WIN — By Lady Kitty Ritson

THE next big show is the L.K.A., which is run entirely by women, and it is rather interesting to realise how successful they are in this particular branch. The West of England's Ladies' Kennel Association secured an entry of 2,800 dogs for their first show on May 6, thus beating Bath Ch. show, which was held next day.

Men will tell you that women don't know how to manage dogs and that they spoil them, but this is one of the hoary legends that the male sex love to preserve. It is possible that with small dogs women are apt to be rather weak and foolish, but with the bigger breeds they are eminently successful. You have only to instance Lady Howe in gun dogs, Miss Jean Workman in Alsatians, and the Misses Loughrey in Scottish deerhounds, to realise that here are some pre-eminent women who are specialists at their job. The two first named can train their own particular breed to perfection, and are certainly not excelled by any mere man.

YOUNG ARRIVALS

A litter of six-weeks-old Dalmatians belonging to Miss Stiby look on life from the safe shelter of their wicker basket

As trainers women have the "faults of their virtues," as the French say. They don't lose their patience as easily as a man, but very often they talk too much and they are also inclined to nag. When a dog has done wrong and has been punished, they seem unable to forget it and keep referring to the matter, instead of letting "sleeping dogs lie." They are also very apt to give confusing commands, instead of one short, sharp word. For instance, "Come here" is sufficient for any dog—or should be—but a woman is more likely to call, "Come here, you are so naughty, I'm tired of calling you." But this is only true of those who have not made a study of training; the experts are as good, if not better, than the men.

And, of course, when it comes to a matter of nursing or looking after puppies, women will naturally beat men at what is, after all, their own particular job. It seems as though women allow their maternal feelings to overcome them when they are dealing with small breeds, but that they feel a sense of responsibility towards big dogs, which prevents them from spoiling them.

THERE is an interesting "cabaret" being held at the L.K.A., composed entirely of Alsatians. These dogs really do some amazing "turns," and they are beautifully drilled. This item takes place on the second day, and is well worth a visit to the show, particularly as it takes place at Olympia, a place which is certainly very getatable. The dates are May 13 and 14.

I HAVE had several letters from correspondents asking me to suggest a breed for keeping in the country, where a guard dog is a necessity. Now a lot depends upon exactly how much of a pure and simple guard you need, and how much of a companion. If your dog is to be loose at night, and is expected to attack any marauders, I should suggest a bull-mastiff; but if you want a dog to be a companion and yet to give you a "protected" air, almost any medium-size dog will serve the purpose. Collies are the most charming of companions, so are elk-hounds. Airedales are useful, but very uncertain in temper, and they are also fighters, but perhaps the best of all is a good bull-terrier (not necessarily a prize specimen).

Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog, if, when required, you will communicate with me.

A doggy prayer

Spillers Shapes! Such taste these little biscuits have! And such variety—4 SHAPES and a flavour for each! Wheatmeal—crisp for the teeth. Super—the vitamin biscuit for strength. Fruit—with real fruit in it for the digestion. And Ginger—a genuine ginger biscuit for appetite. Trust? Paid for!

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"SHAPES"

In packets and bags 5d. and 1/- and larger sizes
Also loose by the pound

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS JACOB STREET, LONDON S.E.1 (Branch of Spillers Limited)

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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PALACE HOTEL BUXTON

(Derbyshire's Mountain Spa), with air like wine, replete with sport of every sort

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Single Barrel	Guns, Ejectors,	from	£2	10s.	0d.
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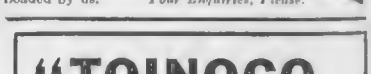

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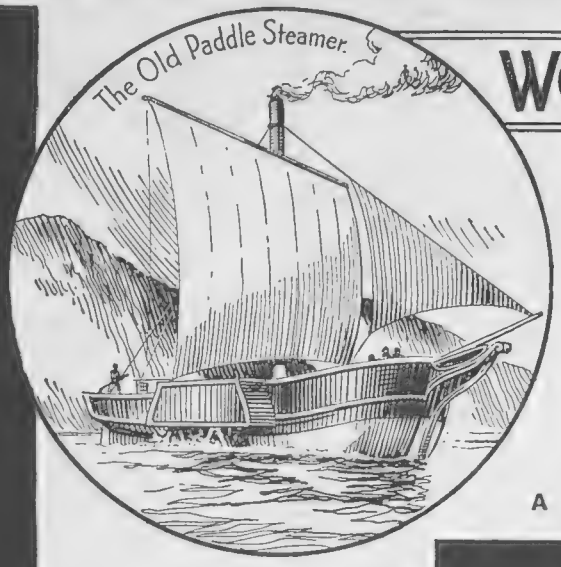

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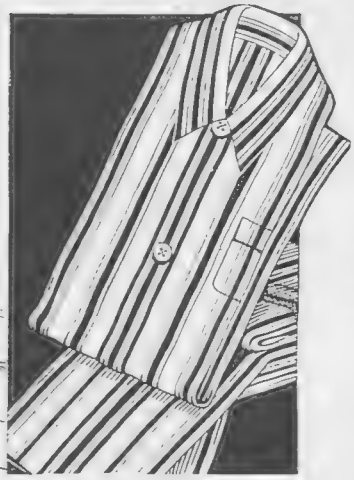

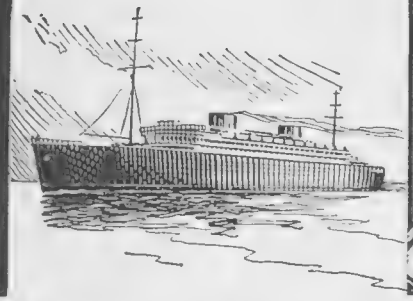

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RED WHITE & BLUE

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Œufs aux Champignons.

Filets de Sole à l'Espagnole.

Fricandeau de Veau.
Pommes de Terre Nouvelles.
Chouxfleur au Gratin.

Crême au Café.

Pailles au Parmesan.

Café.

Œufs aux Champignons

Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one ditto of flour, a sprig of finely chopped parsley, half a dozen button mushrooms cut in dice, half a pint of white stock or milk, six hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, salt and white pepper. Put the butter in a pan, when melted add the flour, stirring constantly, then the parsley, mushrooms, stock and seasoning. Allow these ingredients to simmer together for ten minutes. Add the eggs to the sauce, boil up, and serve.

Filets de Sole à l'Espagnole

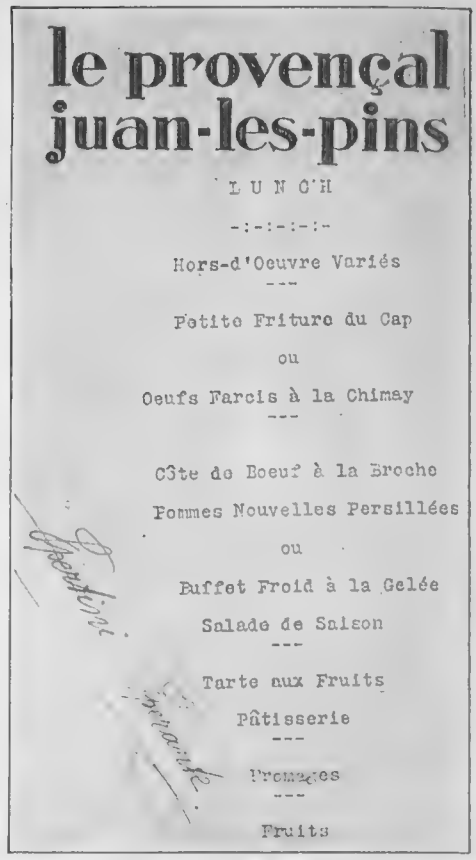
Bake or steam the fillets for twenty minutes; when cooked lay them flat on a dish and pour the following sauce over: Cut up a Spanish onion in thin slices and mince up. Fry it in butter till quite cooked without its taking colour, then add some tomatoes which have been peeled and the pips removed (there should be double as much tomato as onion), add pepper, salt, and a little Nepaul pepper. Stir well on the fire till the mixture is dried up a little, but not too much. Make a heap of this on a dish and arrange the fillets of sole round. Strew a little finely minced parsley over all and serve.

Fricandeau de Veau

Bone, trim and lard four pounds of veal. Put the trimmings of the meat into a stewpan with one clove of garlic, three onions, three shallots, one sliced carrot, and salt and pepper to taste. Add the veal and half a pint of stock and let it simmer gently for one and a half hours with the lid tightly covered. The veal must be basted every five minutes until it is a nice brown colour, and then removed on to a hot dish. Boil up the gravy and pour over, and garnish with fried rolls of bacon and tomatoes.

Pailles au Parmesan

Take a quarter of a pound of flour and add a heaped tablespoonful of grated Parmesan and a little grated Cheddar; rub in two ounces of butter and make into a stiff paste, using a little milk or water. Roll out rather thinly and cut into narrow strips, twist each, and put them on a baking sheet. Bake in a quick oven from five to ten minutes.



A RIVIERA LUNCHEON

The menu of an attractively simple luncheon served at the Hôtel Provençal, Juan-les-Pins. It has been signed by Snr. S. Sperante, the Maître d'Hôtel

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Visit to Dunlop's

A recent visit to the Dunlop Sports Shoe Factory at Liverpool revealed some interesting facts. An indication of the increasing popularity of tennis and kindred sports is given by the figures of imported rubber footwear, which have risen from two million pairs in 1923 to fifteen million pairs in 1930. Unfortunately for the Lancashire cotton mills, which manufacture the canvas used in this type of footwear, these imports represent a loss of work to over one thousand millhands for one year. However, British manufacturers are fighting foreign competition very keenly, as may be seen by the fact that during the past month the Dunlop Company have been working overtime to meet the demand for sports shoes. As an example of the thoroughness with which these shoes are tested, it is interesting to know that two girls, with pedometers attached to their legs, are employed to walk twelve miles a day in order to test the wearing qualities of this type of footwear.

In Aid of Charity

Lady Louis Mountbatten recently presided over a meeting held at Brook House, Park Lane, W., in connection with the luncheon and thé dansant in aid of the Friends of the Poor Charity Organisation, to be held on board the Canadian Pacific liner the Empress of Britain, at Southampton, on May 20. Lady Bertha Dawkins and the heads of the Committees in charge of the arrangements reported a brisk enquiry for tickets. Many leaders of Society are arranging to be present with their parties and to take this, the very first opportunity, of seeing, under attractive social auspices, all the wonders of the splendid liner. Tickets at £2 2s. each (including 1st class rail from London to Southampton and return) may be obtained upon communicating with Lady Bertha Dawkins, at Kensington Palace, S.W.

A fine catch of sea bass made off the coast of Mexico. A small 2¾ h.p Elto "Foldlight" model propelled this shipment of nearly 1,000 lbs. in a heavy dinghy at 5 m.p.h. This small motor costs only £30 with the folding driving shaft and £25 with the fixed driving shaft

To Ireland in Comfort

Every year sees a marked improvement in the cross-Channel facilities between England and Ireland, and to-day the journey can be made at a speed and in a comfort undreamed of by our forbears. The Ulster Imperial Line, whose London offices are in America House, 29, Cockspur Street, where all information may be obtained, now have in commission three motor ships which are not only the last word in luxury but are also very fast and comfortable, and average some twenty miles an hour on their journey from Liverpool and Belfast. Those travellers who wish to cross to or from Dublin are equally well served by the British and Irish Steam Packet Co., Ltd. On their three newest vessels there is comfortable and spacious accommodation for 300 first-class and 60 third-class passengers, divided into single and double cabins de luxe, single-, two-, and four-berth cabins. All details concerning this route may be obtained from the offices of the B. and I. Line, the London branch being at London House, New London Street, E.C.3.

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YOU'LL want to golf, play tennis, swim, dance, have a good time all round. Bill Extras doesn't mind. Bill wants you to do everything. Bill's got his account book ready. Watch out for Bill Extras—the sneak that spoils your holiday.

At the Palace, we have long since cut Extras clean out. Golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, gymnasium, dancing, cinema, entertainments, are all included in the terms. The new Palace Brochure on request.

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Illustrated Booklet of Tea Frocks and Boudoir Gowns post free.

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Girl's Woollen Jumper Suit, with coloured embroidery on pockets. In Saxe, Lettuce, Sky, Lemon, Fawn, Rose. Sizes: 24" to 30".

Price

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Cardigans to match, from

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Children's Fair Island Jerseys. In Shetland Wool. Large range of colourings. All sizes in stock. Price from

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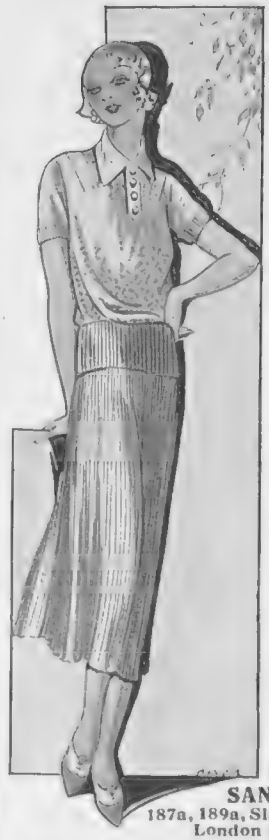
Sands' Sports Wear



Illustrated Price List on request

The chief attraction of this delightful little Jumper in pastel shades of soft wool are the new short sleeves.

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Skirts to match from £2 19 6

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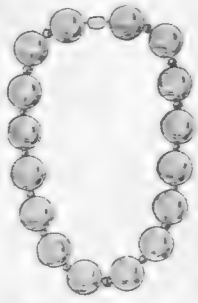
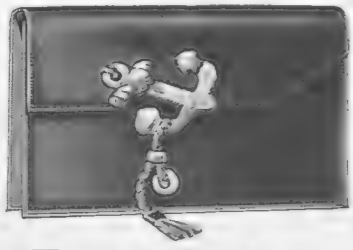


A.F.—CHOKER of large white beads with small blue ones between **15/6**

L.—The **BLUE AND WHITE BUNTING SQUARE** to go with a white dress and blue blazer **27/-**



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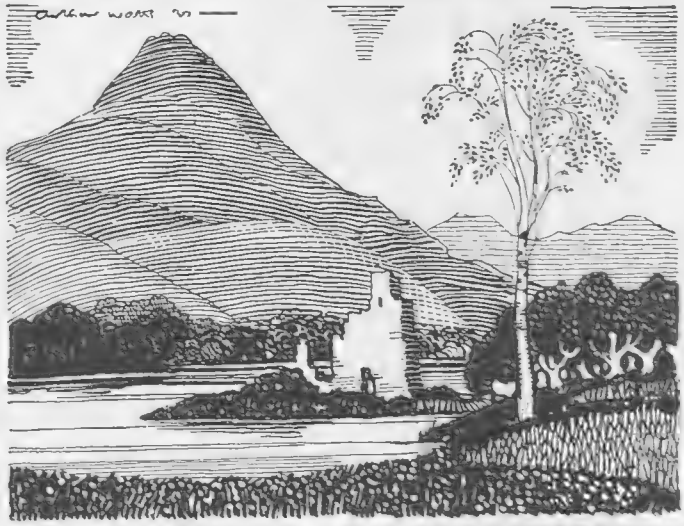

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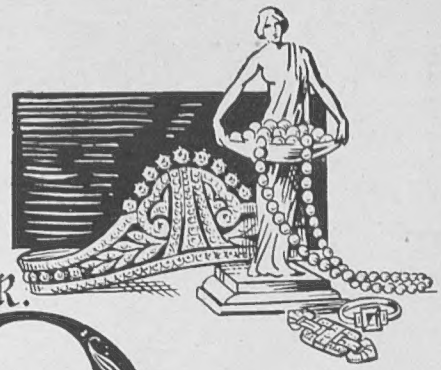

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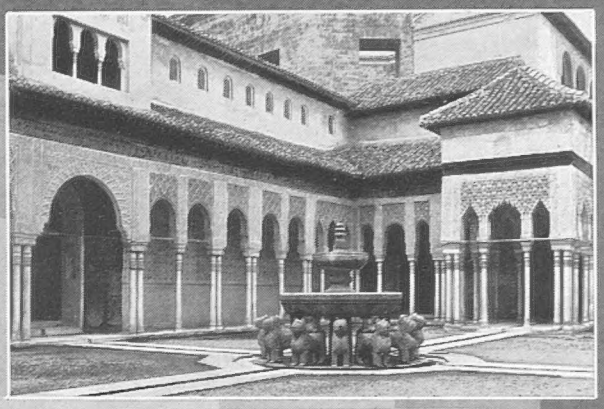

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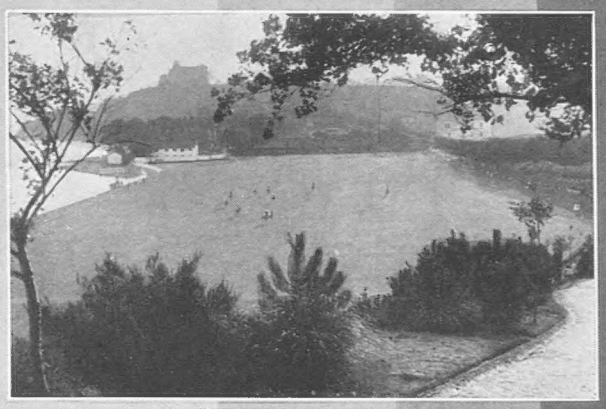

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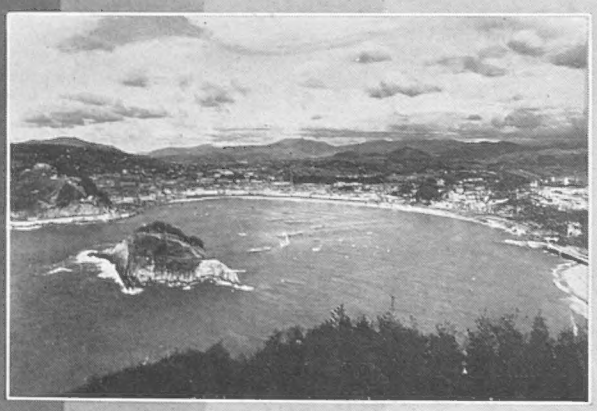

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